

AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP
AHH

AMERICAN COMICS GROUP--TOPS IN THRILLS!

AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP
AHH

NO 22
MAR-APR.

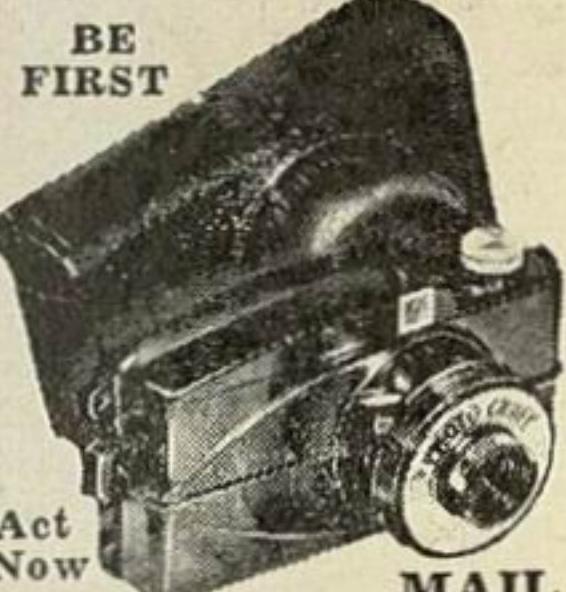
THE HOODED HORSEMAN



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN



Boys - Girls
Ladies - Men

WE ARE
RELIABLE

OUR 57th YEAR

MAIL COUPON NOW

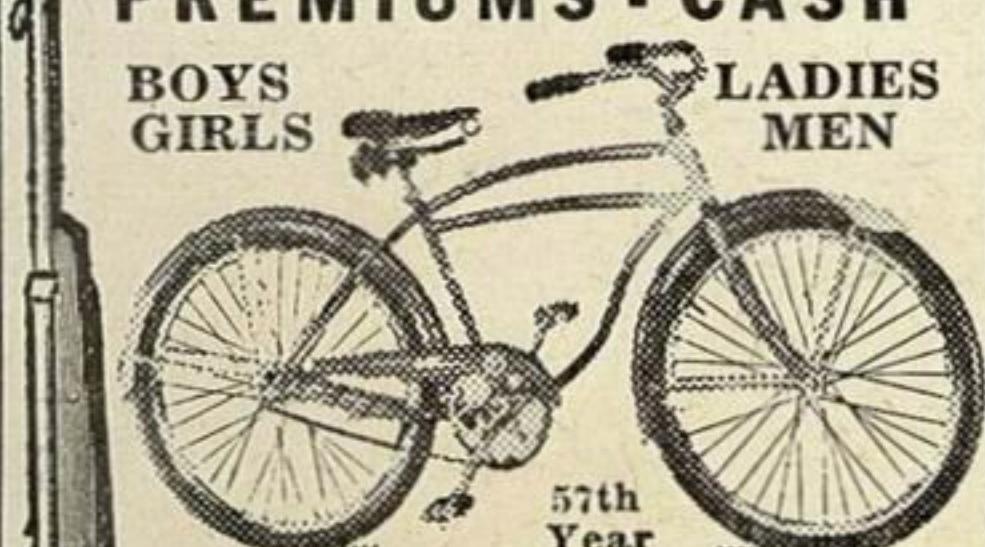
Wrist Watches, Pocket Watches, Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Dolls, Footballs (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** beautiful art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount asked under Premium shown in catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. Write or mail coupon today. We trust you.

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. S-27, TYRONE, PA.

GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

BOYS
GIRLS LADIES
MEN



57th
Year

Boys - Girls! Genuine 22 cal. Rifles. Movie Machines, Electric Record Players (sent postage paid). Boys - Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Be first. Mail coupon or write today.

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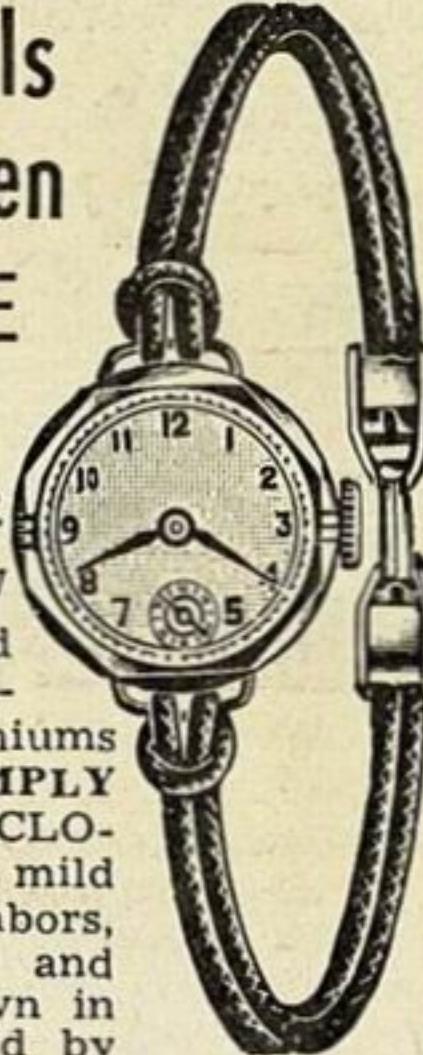
Act
Now
Our
57th
Year
No
Money
Now

GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

Ukuleles,
Radios,
Watches
(sent postage
paid). Other
Premiums or
Cash
Commission
now easily yours.
SIMPLY GIVE pictures
with White CLOVERINE
Brand SALVE sold
at 25c a box (with
picture) and remit
per catalog sent with
your order postage
paid by us to start.
Act now. Write or
mail coupon today.

Our 57th year. Be first. Wilson
Chem. Co., Dept. Y-27, Tyrone, Pa.



PREMIUMS - CASH GIVEN

WE ARE
RELIABLE

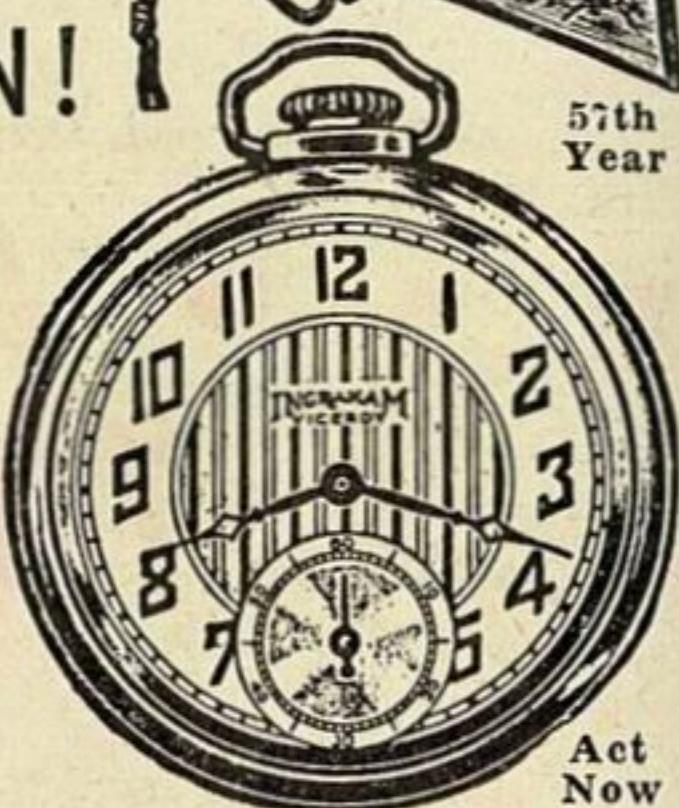
BOYS - GIRLS!
LADIES - MEN!

MAIL COUPON NOW

Daisy Red Ryder Air Rifles with tube of shot, Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Alarm Clocks (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours.

SIMPLY GIVE art pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns and easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with your order postage paid by us to start. We are reliable. 57th year. Mail coupon or write today. Be first. Act now. We trust you.

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. R-27, TYRONE, PA.



57th
Year

Act
Now

GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

OUR 57th YEAR



Footballs, Baseballs, Billfolds, Pen & Pencil Sets (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White Cloverine Brand Salve easily sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. We are reliable. 57th year. Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. V-27, Tyrone, Pa.

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OUR
57th
YEAR
Act
Now

MAIL COUPON NOW

GIVEN

PREMIUMS - CASH

Our 57th Year

Complete Cub Fishing Outfits, Basketball Sets, Telescopes (sent postage paid). Many other Premiums or Cash Commission now easily yours. **SIMPLY GIVE** pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relative at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Our 57th year. We trust you. Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. W-27, Tyrone, Pa.



GIVEN - PREMIUMS - CASH

Boys - Girls - Ladies Lovable, fully dressed Dolls over 15" in height, Wrist Watches, Jewelry (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. Simply Give pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold at 25 cents a box (with picture) and remit amount per catalog sent with starting order postage paid by us. Our 57th year. WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. Z-27, TYRONE, PA.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Wilson Chem. Co., Dept. 27-A, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....
Gentlemen:—Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture). I will remit amount within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as fully explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with my order postage paid to start.

Name Age

St. RD..... Box.....

Town Zone No..... State.....

Print LAST
Name Here

Paste on a postal card or mail in an envelope NOW

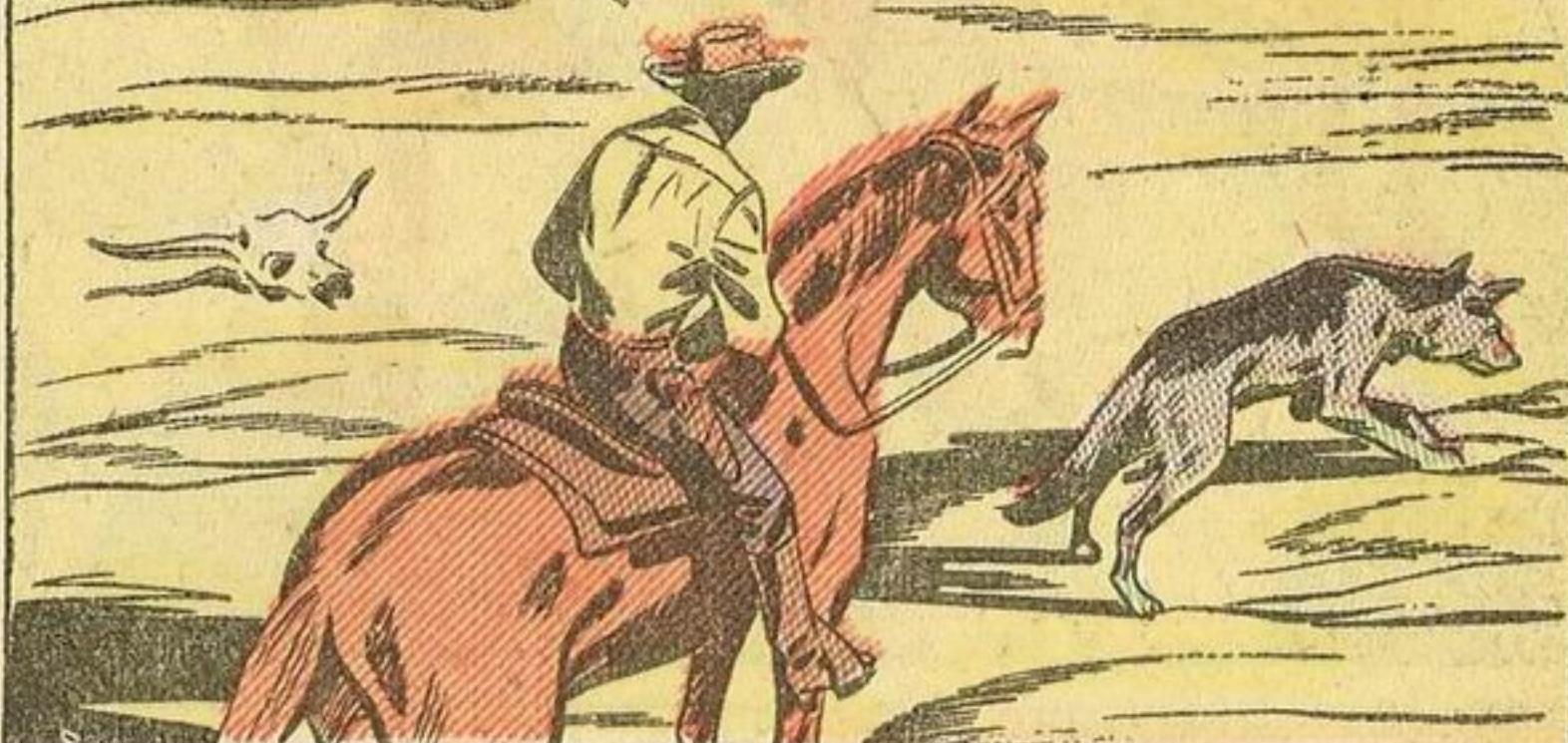
The HOODED HORSEMAN



WEARING A BLOOD-RED MASK TO DISGUISE HIS IDENTITY AS BUD FRASER, THE **HOODED HORSEMAN** STALKED THROUGH THE BADLANDS OF THE OLD WEST. HIS SIXGUNS SPITTING FIRE AND DEATH UNTIL HE MADE KILLERS AND RUSTLERS QUAKE IN THEIR BOOTS -- AND DIE IN THEM! AND WHATEVER HE COULDN'T HANDLE WAS TAKEN CARE OF BY A HURTLING JUGGERNAUT OF CANINE SAVAGERY NAMED FLASH -- THE OTHER HALF OF THE DEADLIEST DUO THE WILD WEST EVER KNEW!

DEEP IN THE NEW MEXICAN DESERT...

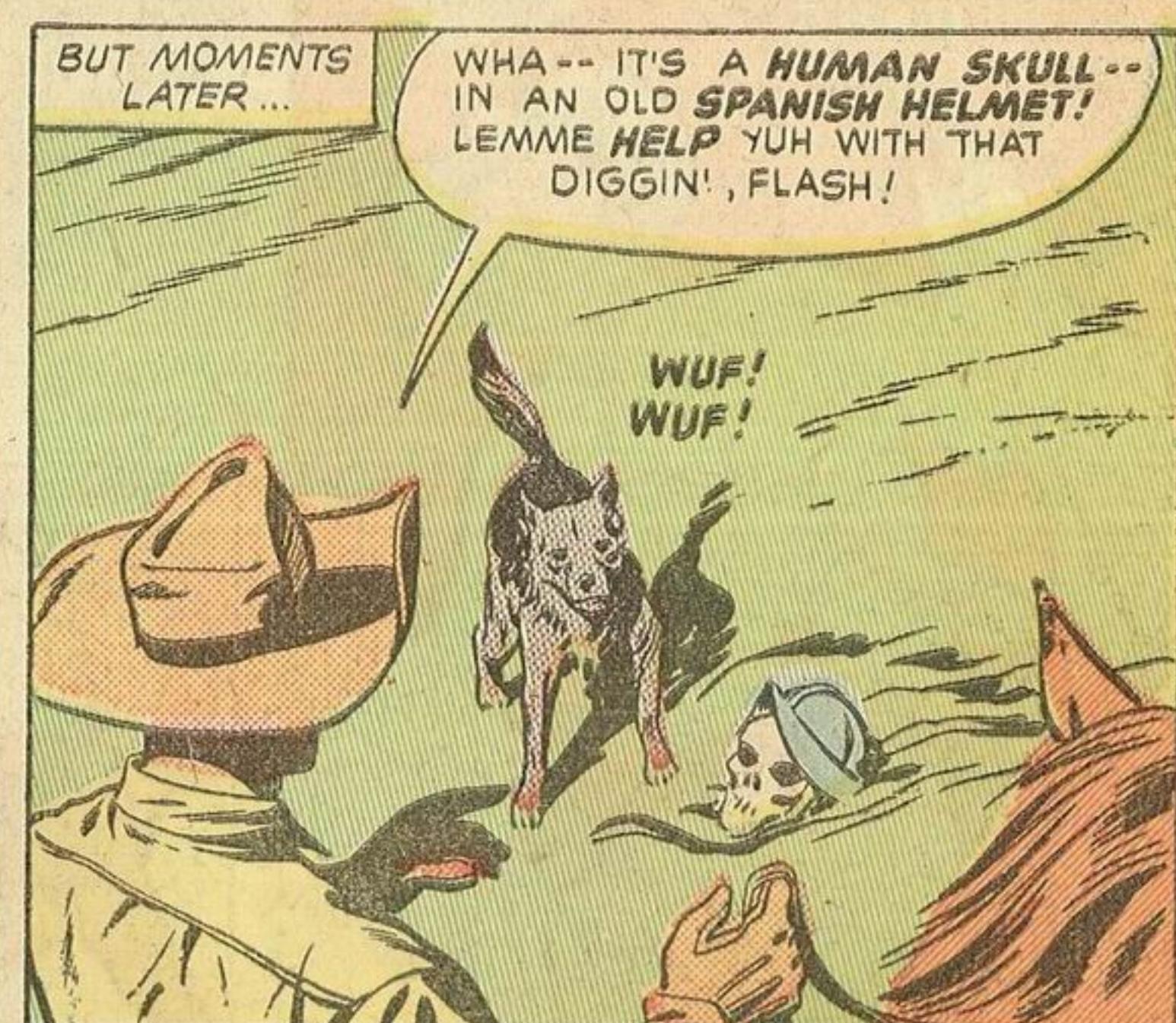
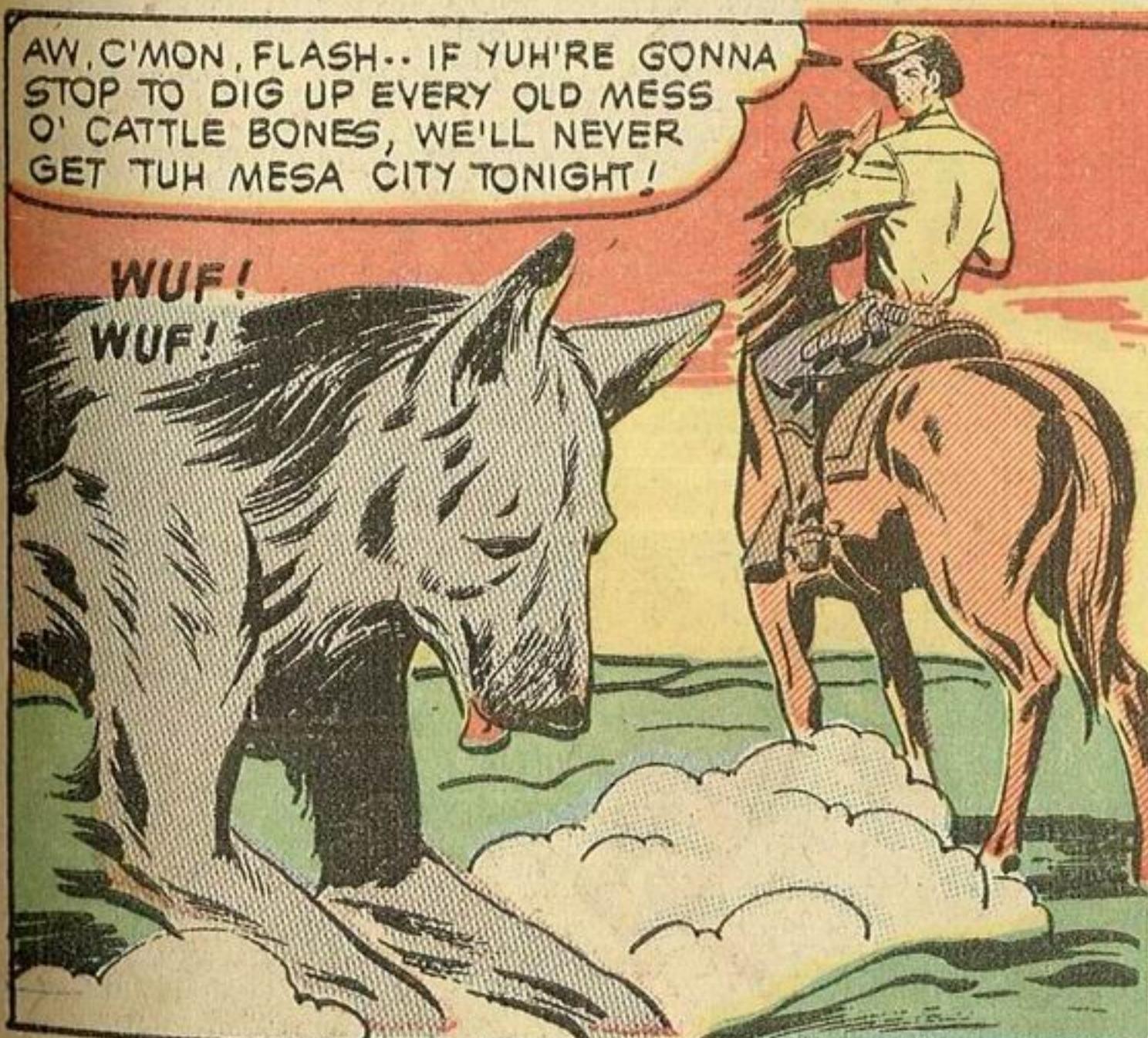
IT'S NO WONDER YUH'RE SNIFFIN' AROUND AS IF YUH'VE NEVER BEEN IN THESE PARTS BEFORE, FLASH -- THAT BIG SANDSTORM LAST WEEK SHORE CHANGED THE SCENERY AROUND A LOT! IT LOOKS LIKE A BRAND NEW DESERT EVEN TUH ME!



AW, C'MON, FLASH.. IF YUH'RE GONNA STOP TO DIG UP EVERY OLD MESS O' CATTLE BONES, WE'LL NEVER GET TUH MESA CITY TONIGHT!

BUT MOMENTS LATER...

WHA -- IT'S A HUMAN SKULL -- IN AN OLD SPANISH HELMET! LEMME HELP YUH WITH THAT DIGGIN', FLASH!



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MINUTES
LATER...

YUP, THAT ARMOR WAS THE TYPE WORN BY
THE TROOPS O' CORTEZ, THE CONQUEROR
O' MEXICO! AN' THIS CHEST MIGHT HOLD
SOME O' THE LOOT THE SPANIARDS
STOLE FROM THE ANCIENT AZTECS!



SIMMERIN' SAGEBRUSH-- THAR'S A FORTUNE IN AZTEC
GOLD COINS HERE! WE'VE STUMBLED ON THE REMAINS
O' THE PARTY O' CONQUISTADORES THAT TRIED TUH FLEE
NORTH WITH THE BOOTY WHEN THEIR EXPEDITION FAILED!
THAR WERE ALWAYS OLD LEGENDS THAT THE PARTY MET
ITS DOOM SOMEWHERE IN THE
DESERT HERE-- BUT FORTUNE
HUNTERS LONG AGO GAVE UP
TRYIN' TUH FIND THE
TREASURE IN THE
SHIFTIN' SANDS!

YUH'RE WRONG,
PARDNER-- WE
NEVER GAVE UP!
REACH!



WE KEPT COMIN' OUT HERE AFTER EACH NEW SANDSTORM,
HOPIN' THAT THE SHIFTIN' SANDS WOULD SHOW SOME TRACE
O' THE FORTUNE -- BUT WE NEVER THOUGHT O' USIN' A
DOG TUH SNIFF OUT THE BONES O' THE CONQUISTADORES!



AN' NOW THAT WE'VE GOT A DOG, WE'LL JEST
GET RID OF ITS MASTER -- SO THAT HE CAINT
TELL ANYONE BACK IN MESA CITY WHAT HE SAW
HERE! SAY YORE PRAYERS, STRANGER...!



BANG!
GRRR!
OWW!

YUH'RE HALF A DOZEN AG'INST
ONE -- BUT WHEN THAT ONE IS
BUD FRASER, THE ODDS
ARE PURTY EVEN!

HE'S A SHOOTIN'
FOOL -- TAKE
COVER!

I'LL BLAST THAT MUTT TUH KINGDOM COME -- AN' THEN TAKE CARE OF ITS OWNER!



I WASN'T SHOOTIN' TUH KILL BEFORE -- BUT IF THAT DOG IS DEAD -- I SWEAR I'LL BURY EVERY ONE O' YUH POLECATS ALONG WITH 'IM!

QUICK -- THE REST O' YUH -- AIM YORE GUNS AT THE HOUND!



THE MUTT AIN'T DEAD -- JEST CREASED! HE... HE'S RIGHT! I COULD DOWN A COUPLE MORE, BUT THEN I'D LOSE FLASH!

ALL RIGHT, SNAKE -- I'LL HOLD MUH FIRE!

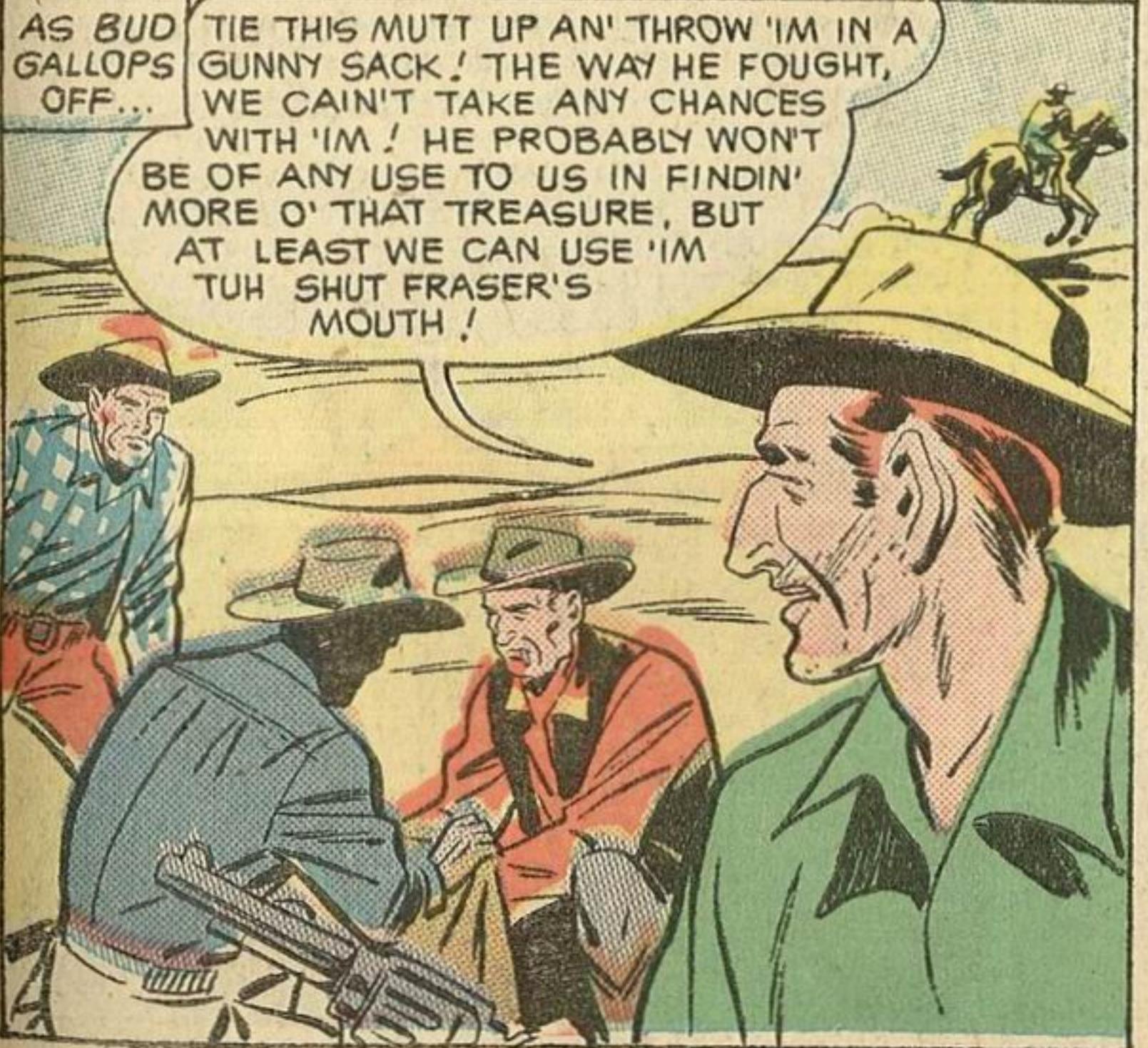


THE NAME'S HAWK MASTERS. FRASER -- AN' I CAN SEE YUH SET A MIGHTY BIG STORE BY THIS MUTT! BUT YUH WON'T EVER SEE HIM ALIVE AGAIN UNLESS YUH VAMOOSE AN' KEEP YORE TRAP SHUT ABOUT THAT AZTEC TREASURE YUH FOUND! PLAY ALONG WITH US AN' MEBBE WE'LL GIVE YUH YORE DOG BACK TOMORROW IN MESA CITY!

IT'S A DEAL -- BUT HARM A HAIR O' THAT HOUND'S HEAD -- AN' I'LL HOUND YUH ALL DOWN TUH YORE GRAVES!



AS BUD TIE THIS MUTT UP AN' THROW 'IM IN A GUNNY SACK! THE WAY HE FOUGHT, WE CAIN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH 'IM! HE PROBABLY WON'T BE OF ANY USE TO US IN FINDIN' MORE O' THAT TREASURE, BUT AT LEAST WE CAN USE 'IM TUH SHUT FRASER'S MOUTH!



BUT AS SOON AS BUD IS OUT OF SIGHT, WAL, I RECKON IT'S TIME THE HOODED HORSEMAN TOOK A HAND IN THIS RUCKUS!



NIGHT FALLS... AND THE MID-NIGHT BLACK OF THE HOODED HORSEMAN'S GARB BLENDS WITH THE DESERT'S SHROUD OF DARKNESS, WHILE A DISTANT CAMPFIRE CASTS A FLICKERING GLOW OVER A MASK AS CRIMSON AS BLOOD...

I CIRCLED BACK-- SO THAT MUST BE THE GANG'S CAMP-FIRE YONDER! NOW TUH LAY THAT OUTPOST GUARD LOW!

I HOPE YUH HAVE NIGHTMARES, YUH SIDEWINDER!

OKAY, BOYS, SADDLE UP! WE FOUND ENOUGH O' THE AZTEC TREASURE-- NOW WE KIN HEAD BACK TUH MESA CITY AN' GO THROUGH WITH THE BOSS'S PLAN!

I'LL TAKE THAT TREASURE, GENTS!

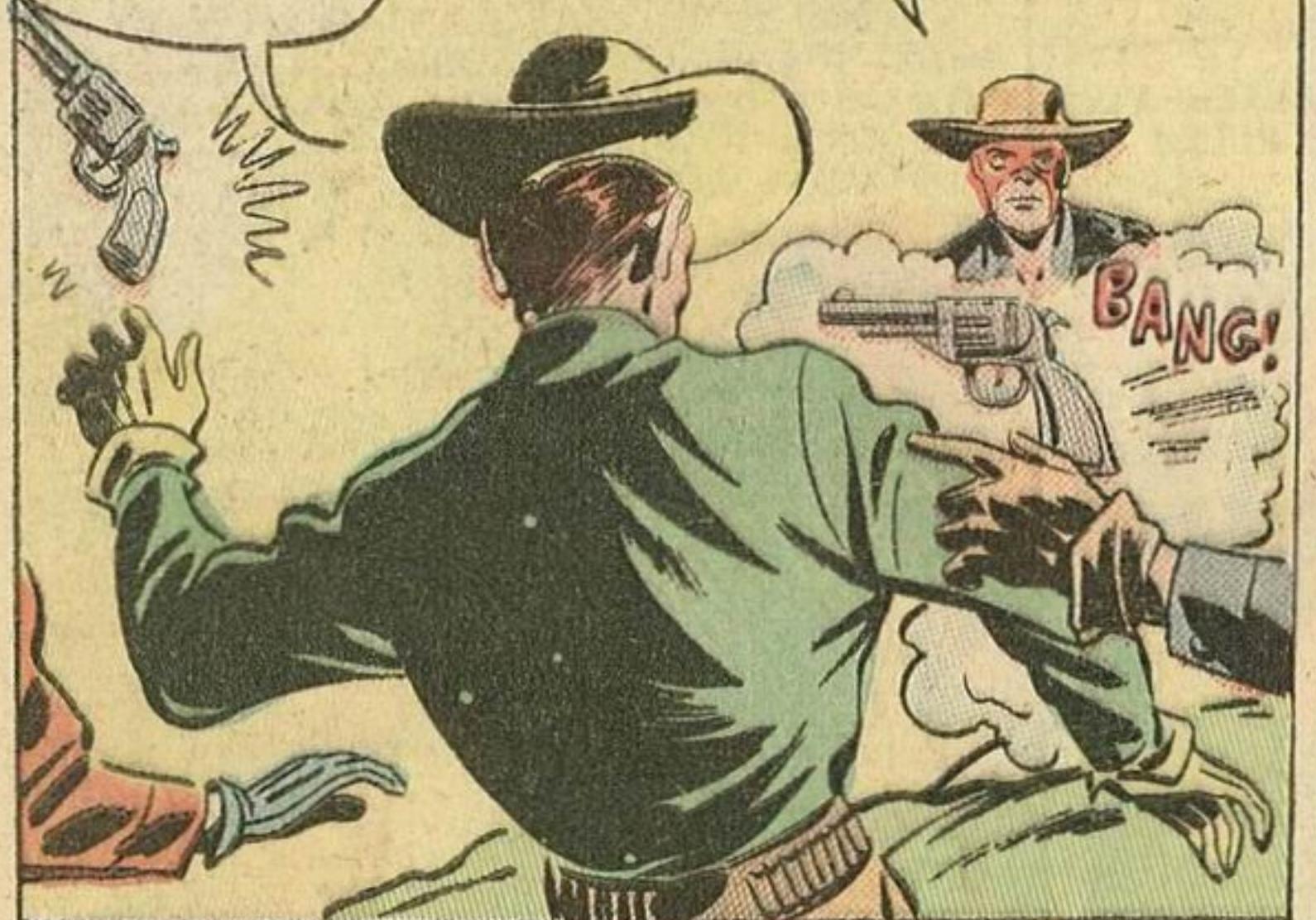


IT'S THE HOODED HORSEMAN! BLAST 'IM-- OWW!

I COULD JEST AS EASILY HAVE AIMED AT YOUR HEARTS-- SO BE SMART-- AN' REACH-- ALL OF YUH!

H... HOLD YORE FIRE, HORSEMAN! WE'LL DO AS YUH SAY!

GOOD! I RECKON THAT TREASURE YUH FOUND IS IN THIS GUNNY SACK -- SO I'LL JEST RELIEVE YUH OF IT!

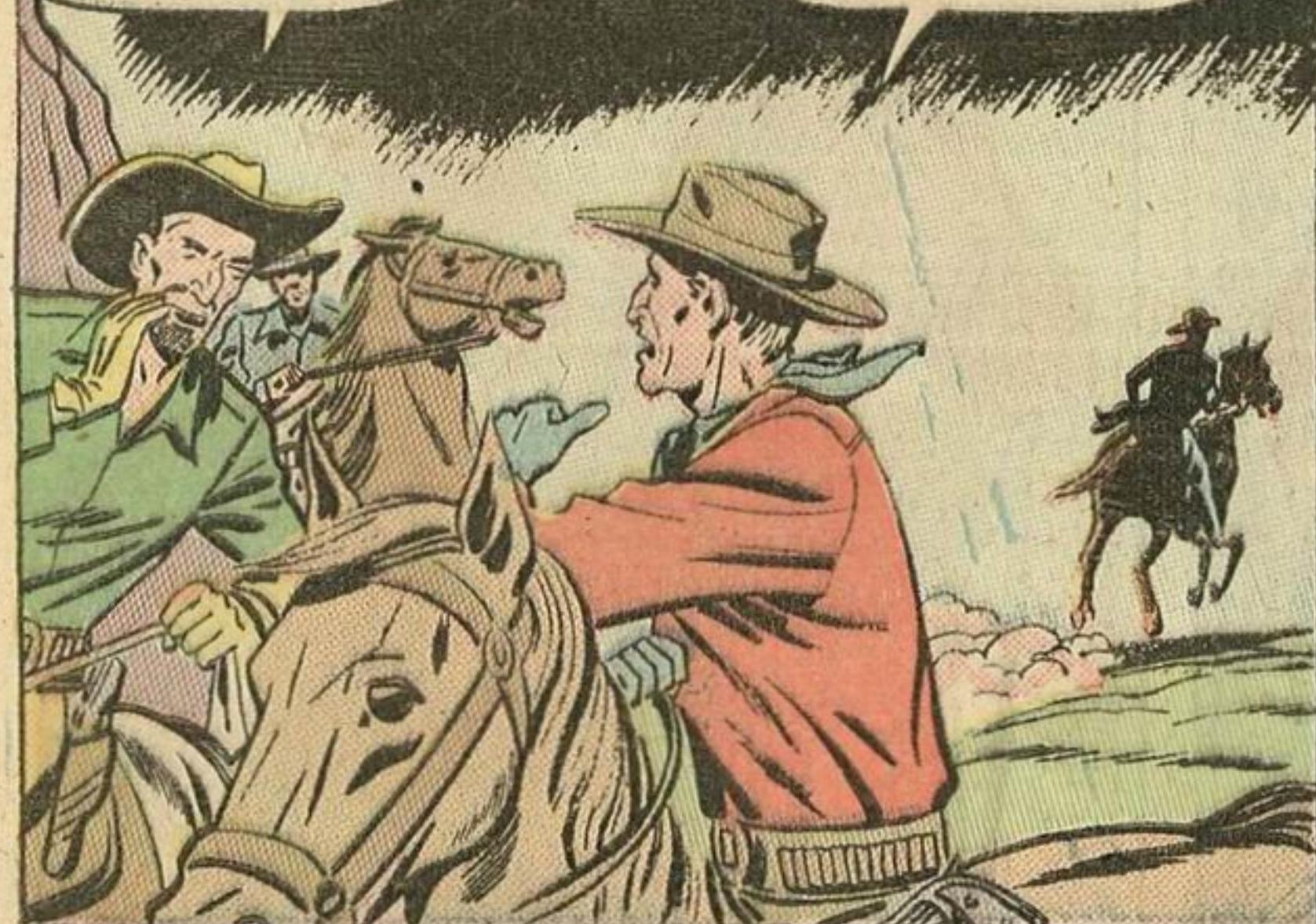


AS THE HORSEMAN GALLOPS OFF... YEAH, BUT AS SOON AS HE FINDS OUT HIS MISTAKE, HE'S GONNA BE BACK GUNNIN' FER US! LET'S HIT FER TOWN-- PRONTO!

THE DURNED FOOL-- ALL HE GOT IN THAT GUNNY SACK WAS THE HOUND!

BUT OFF IN THE DARKNESS...

EASY, FLASH-- I'LL HAVE YUH FREE IN A MINUTE! I KNEW YUH WERE IN THAT GUNNY SACK WHEN I SAW IT QUIVERIN'! YUH'RE PROBABLY ITCHIN' FER REVENGE, BUT THAR'S A REASON WHY I DIDN'T WIPE THEM VARMINTS OUT WHEN I STOLE UP ON 'EM! THEY MENTIONED SOME-THIN' ABOUT THEIR BOSS'S PLAN, AN' I WANT 'EM TUH LEAD ME TUH THEIR BOSS!



NEXT MORNING...

I KNOW YUH WANT TUH GO TUH MESA CITY WITH ME, FLASH -- BUT YUH'VE GOT TUH STAY HERE, OUT O' SIGHT! IF THE GANGMEN SEE THE TWO OF US TOGETHER, THEY'LL KNOW **BUD FRASER** IS THE HOODED HORSEMAN! BUT DON'T FRET NONE -- IF I NEED HELP, I'LL SIGNAL FER YUH!



AN HOUR LATER,
IN MESA CITY...

WHA...! IT'S FRASER!
SLAP LEATHER,
BOYS!

OOOF!



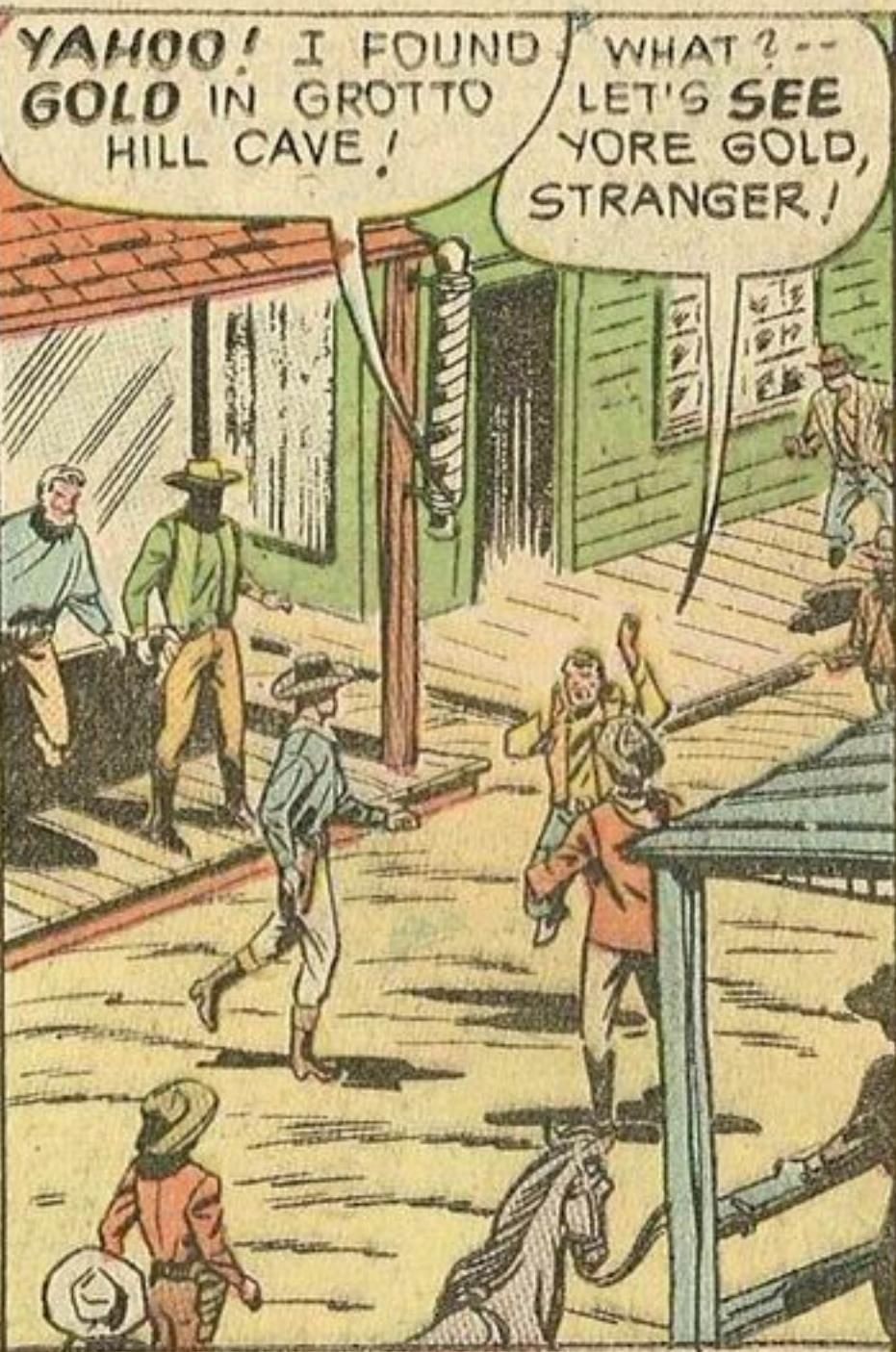
NO--WAIT!
I AIN'T
LOOKIN'
FER A
FIGHT.
MASTERS!
ALL I
WANT
IS MUH
DOG
BACK!

WAL--THAT'S DIFFERENT!
YUH'LL GIT YORE MUTT--
IF YUH'LL JEST FOLLOW
SOME SIMPLE ORDERS!
C'MON, LET'S GO SOME-
PLACE WHAR WE
KIN TALK!

ALL YUH GOTTA DO IS TAKE THESE
GOLD COINS AN' START RUNNIN'
THROUGH TOWN, SHOUTIN' THAT
YUH FOUND 'EM IN THE **OLD CAVE
ON GROTTO HILL!** DO THAT--
AN' YUH'LL GIT
YORE MUTT
7. BACK
TONIGHT!

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT THIS IS ALL
ABOUT-- BUT, I'LL
DO IT!

YAHOO! I FOUND
GOLD IN GROTTO
HILL CAVE!
LET'S SEE
YORE GOLD,
STRANGER!

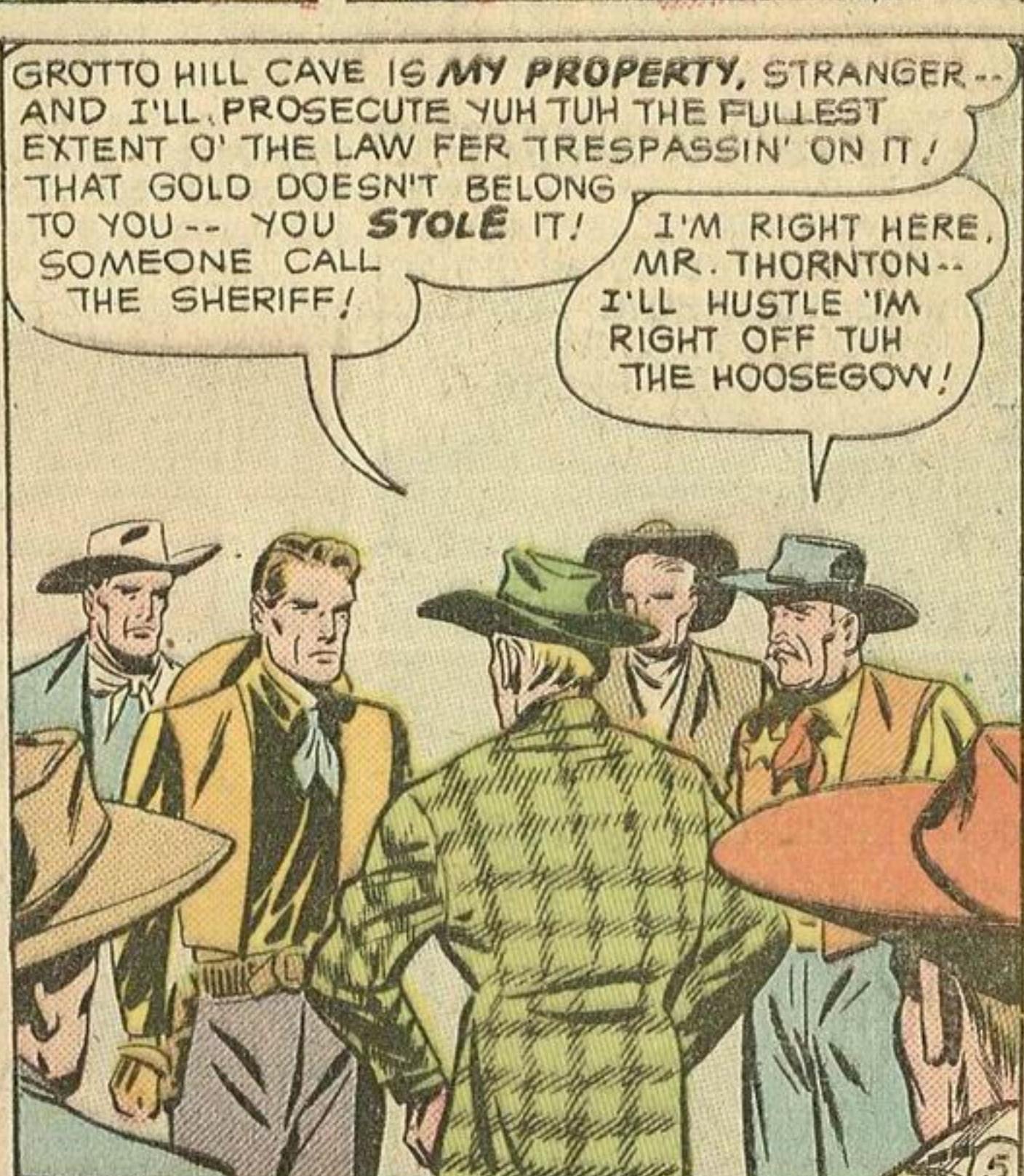


WHA-- THEM'S
AZTEC
GOLD
PIECES!

YEAH-- HE MUST'VE STUMBLLED ON THE
REMAINS O' THAT CORTEZ PARTY! WE
ALLUS THOUGHT THEY HID THEIR
TREASURE OUT IN THE DESERT-- BUT
IT WAS **GROTTO HILL CAVE**
ALL THE TIME!

GROTTO HILL CAVE IS **MY PROPERTY**, STRANGER--
AND I'LL PROSECUTE YUH TUH THE FULLEST
EXTENT O' THE LAW FER TRESPASSIN' ON IT!
THAT GOLD DOESN'T BELONG
TO YOU-- YOU **STOLE** IT!
SOMEONE CALL
THE SHERIFF!

I'M RIGHT HERE,
MR. THORNTON--
I'LL HUSTLE 'IM
RIGHT OFF TUH
THE HOOSEGOW!



COME ALONG, SON--
YUH'LL GIT A FAIR
TRIAL EVEN THOUGH
MR. THORNTON IS
MAYOR O' THIS
TOWN!

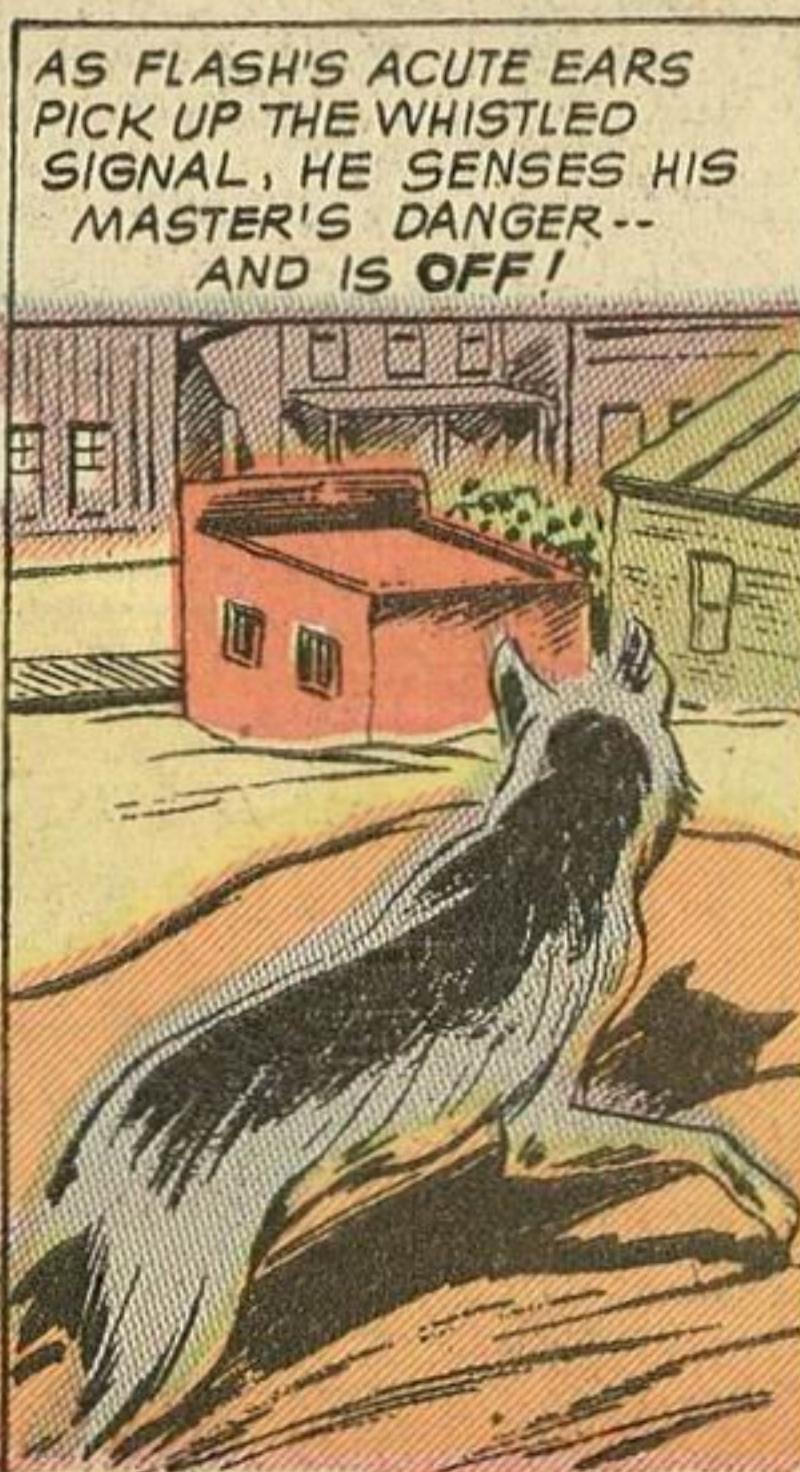
BUT-- BUT
LISTEN!
I--

LISSEN TO ME, FELLOW
CITIZENS-- THAT AZTEC GOLD
BELONGS TO ALL YOU MEN
WHO'VE BEEN SEARCHING
THE DESERT FOR IT
ALL THESE YEARS!

I DON'T INTEND KEEPING
THE GOLD FOR MYSELF--
I'LL START SELLING
SHARES IN THE
CAVE TO THE
**HIGHEST
BIDDERS!**

WOW-- I'LL
PAY \$ 500
FER A
SHARE
IN THAT
GOLD!

I'LL PUT UP A
THOUSAND!



WITH AN ALMOST HUMAN INTELLIGENCE...

THAT'S IT, FLASH--
NOW BRING
IT TUH ME!

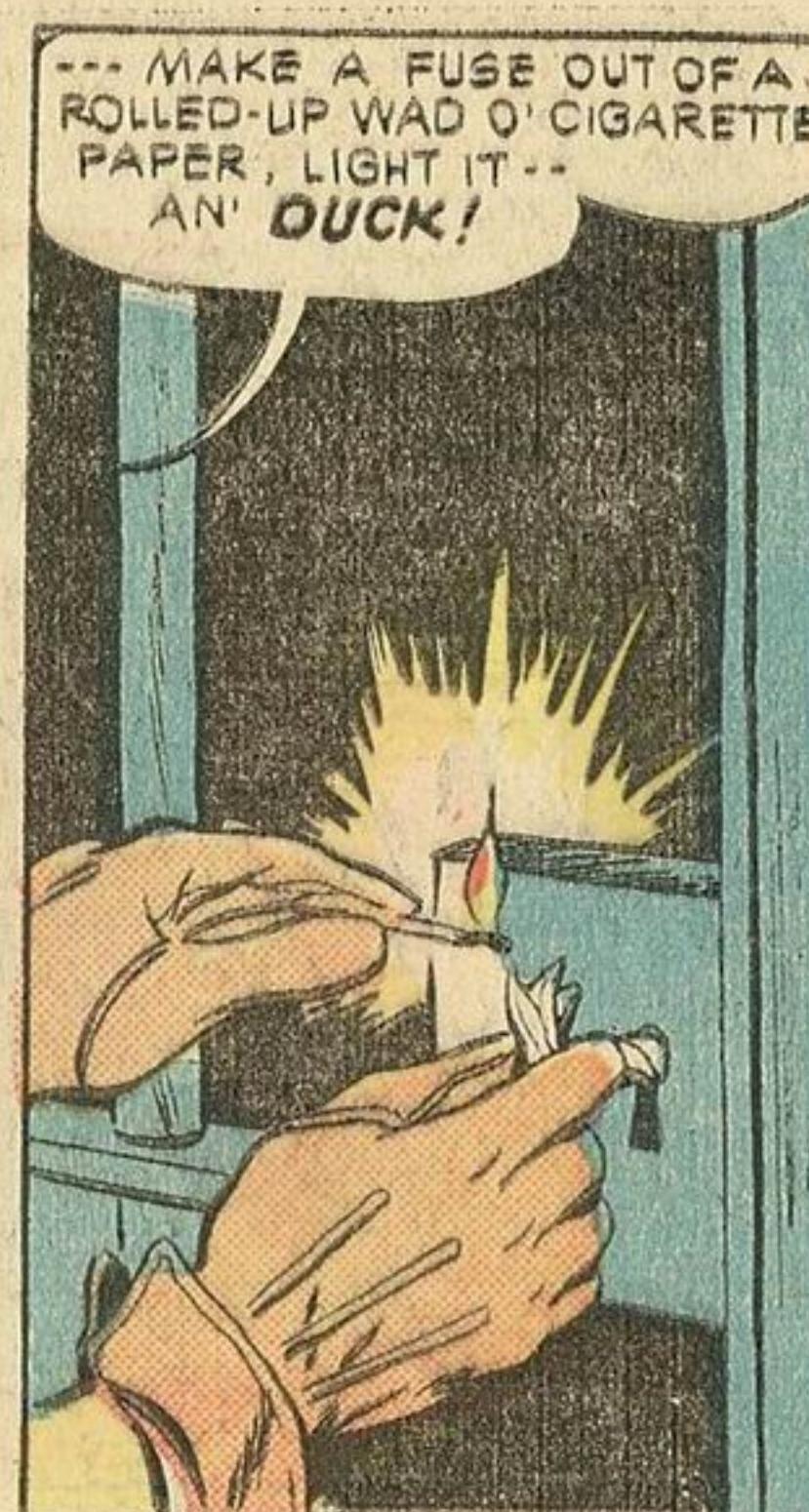


MOMENTS
LATER...

BREAKIN' OPEN THOSE
CARTRIDGES WAS
EASY ENOUGH -- AN'
NOW ALL I GOTTA
DO IS SPILL SOME
POWDER INTUH
THE LOCK---



--- MAKE A FUSE OUT OF A
ROLLED-UP WAD O' CIGARETTE
PAPER, LIGHT IT --
AN' DUCK!



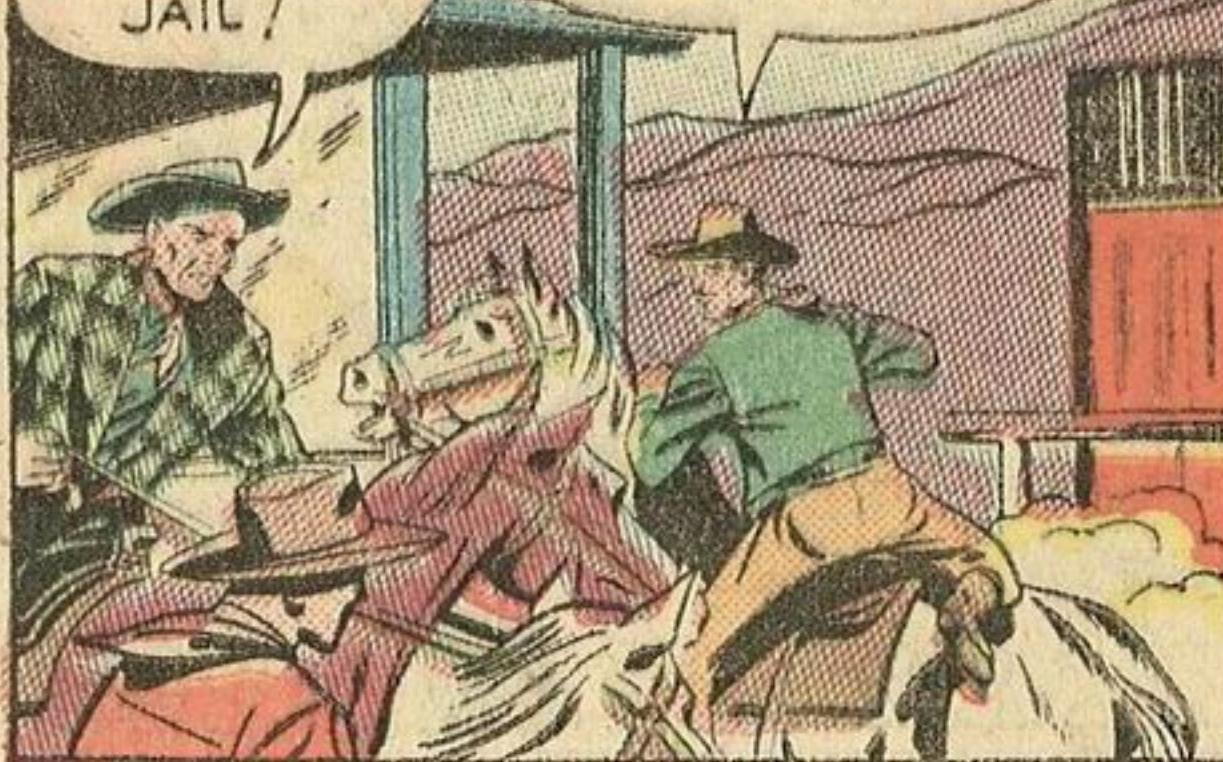
AS THE CELL DOOR SWINGS
OPEN...

AN' NOW, THE
HOODED HORSEMAN
IS GOIN' TUH PAY A VISIT
TUH A BUZZARD
NAMED THORNTON!



MINUTES LATER, OUTSIDE THE MAYOR'S OFFICE...

OKAY, BOYS -- LET'S YEAH, AN' AFTER THE
VAMOOSE WITH TOWNSMEN STRING HIM
THE TOWNSMEN'S UP -- THAR WON'T BE
MONEY! THAR'S NOT ANYONE TUH TELL THE
REAL LOCATION O' THE
AZTEC TREASURE -- SO
WE'LL BE ABLE TUH GO
BACK TUH THAT SPOT ON
THE DESERT AN' DIG
THE REST O' THE
GOLD UP!



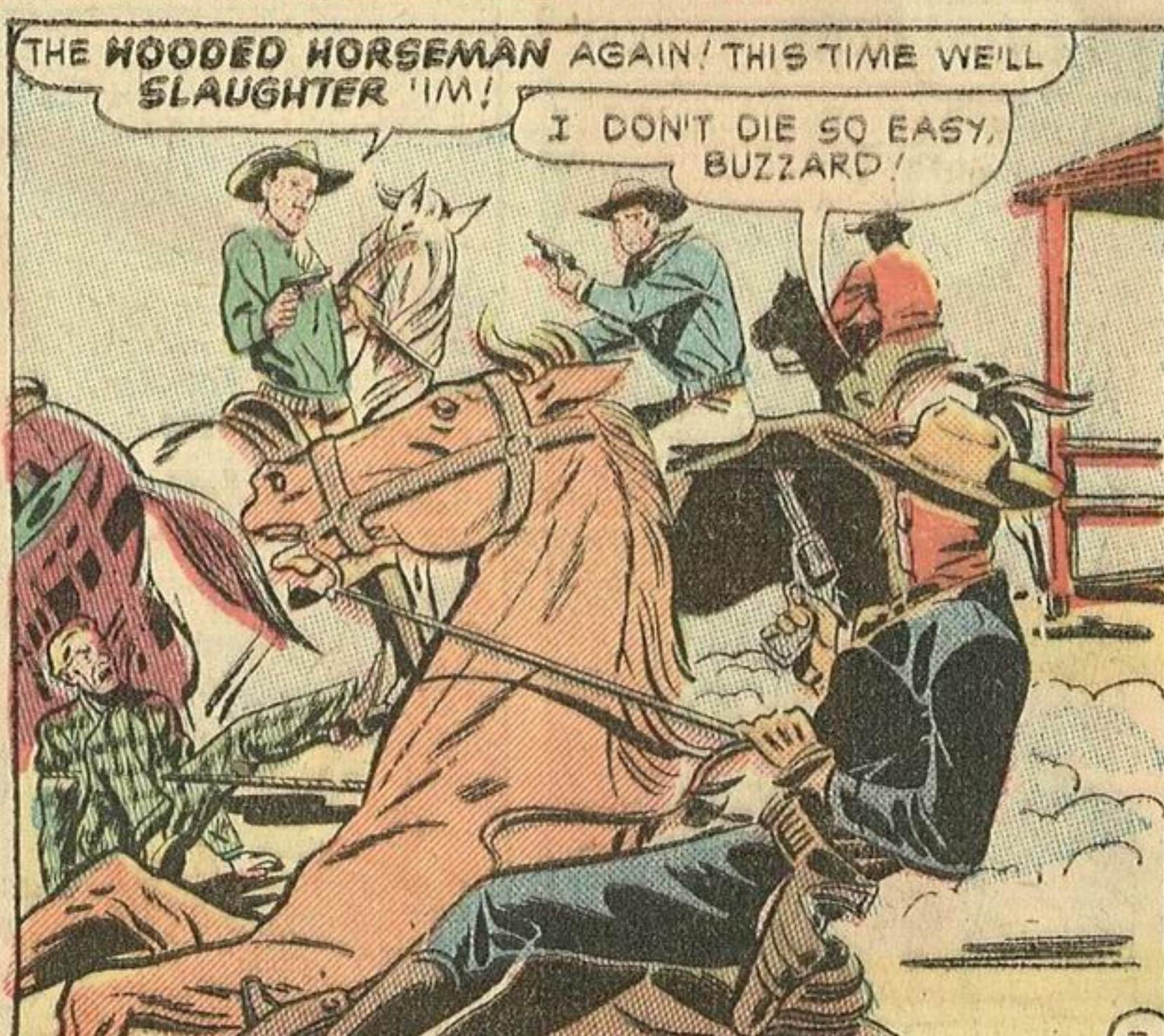
SUDDENLY... THEY'LL BE DIGGIN' YUH UP BY
THE TIME I GET THROUGH
WITH YUH VARMINTS!

WHA--!



THE HOODED HORSEMAN AGAIN! THIS TIME WE'LL
SLAUGHTER 'IM!

I DON'T DIE SO EASY,
BUZZARD!





JUST THEN...

OH-OH-- HERE
COME THE
TOWNSMEN--
OUT FER
BLOOD-- MY
BLOOD!

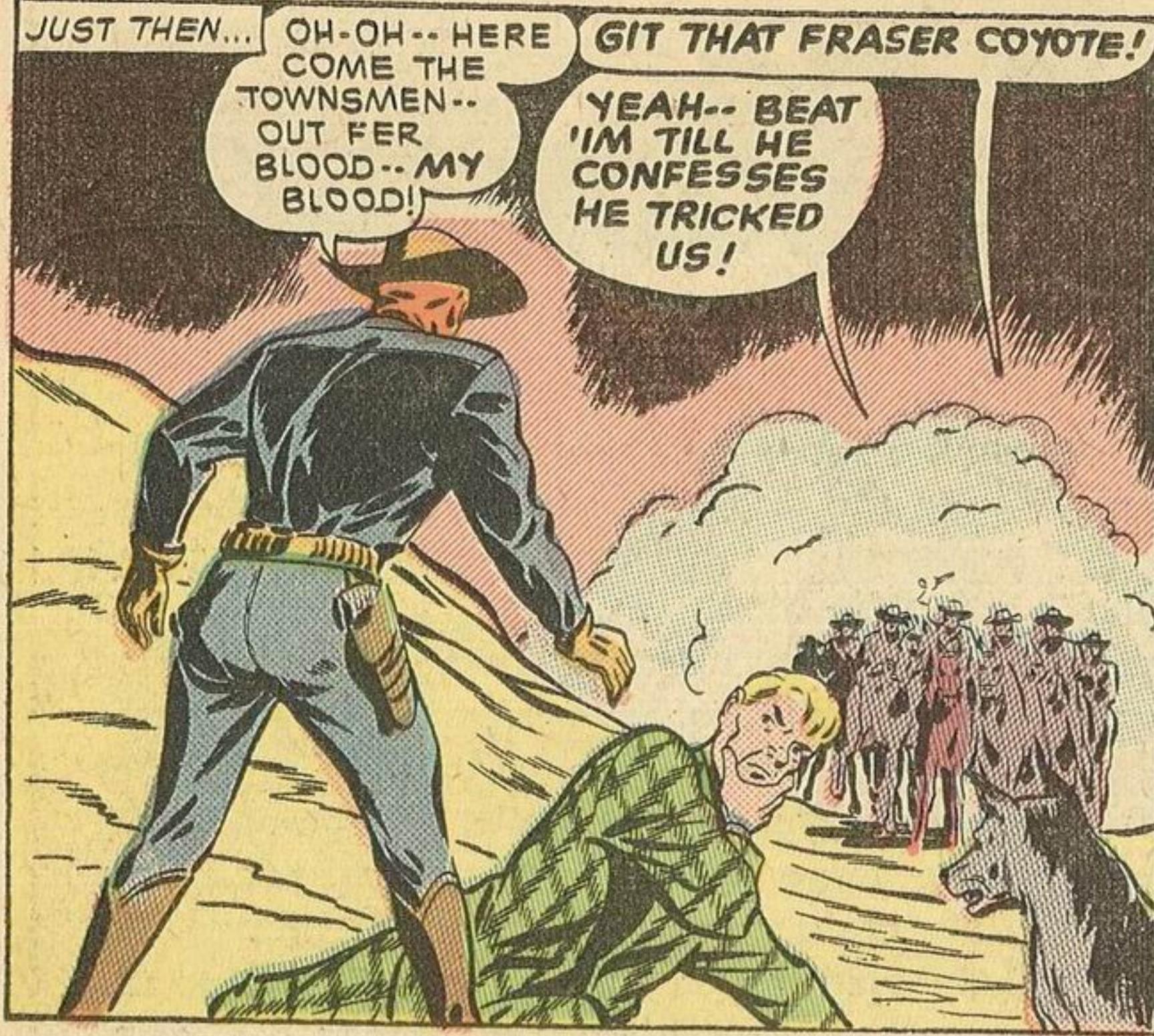
GIT THAT FRASER COYOTE!

YEAH-- BEAT
'IM TILL HE
CONFESSES
HE TRICKED
US!

THE
HOODED
HORSE-
MAN!

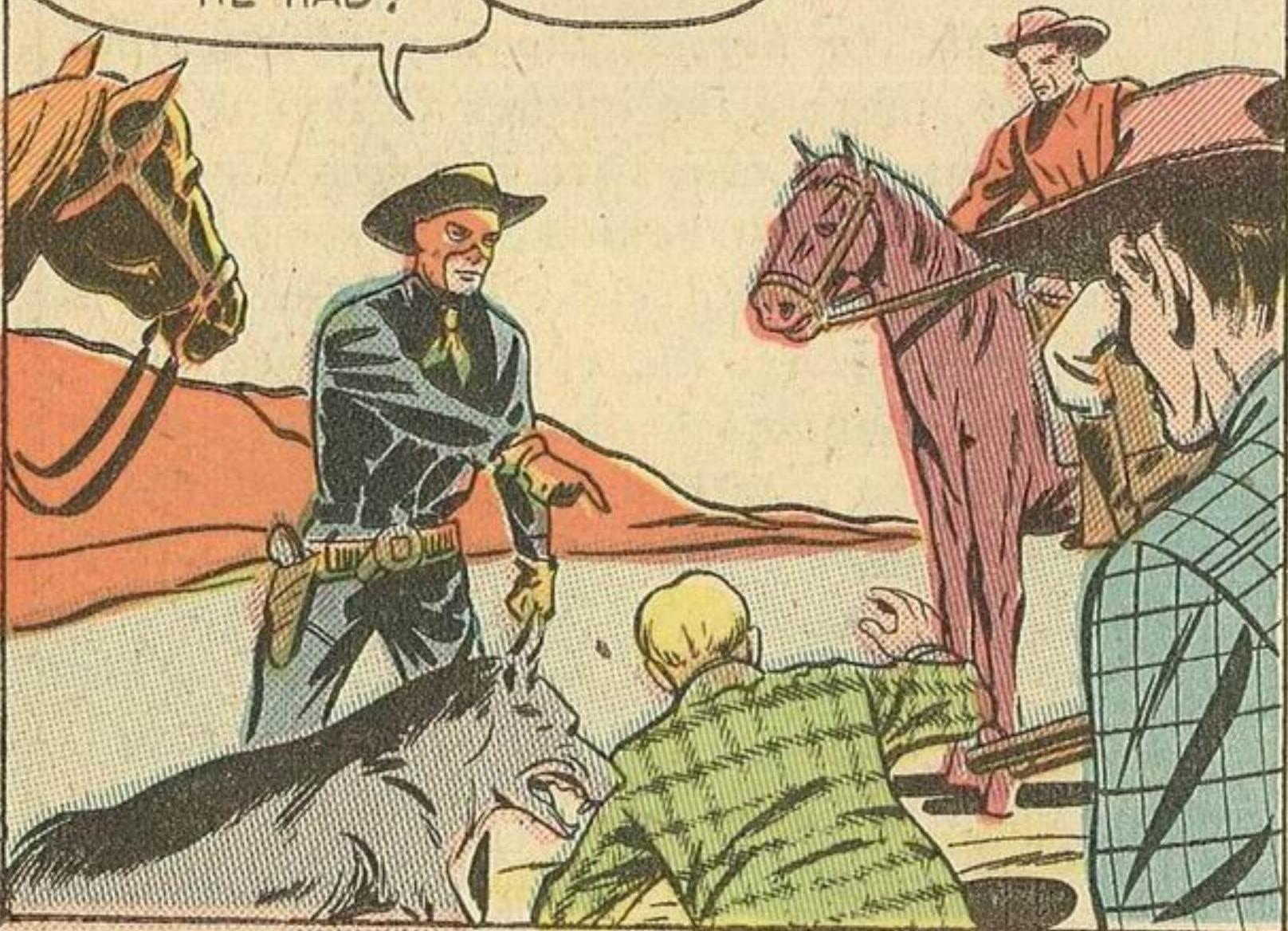
SIMMER
DOWN,
GENTS--
BUD
FRASER'S
NOT TUH
BLAME
FER...

OUT OF OUR WAY, HORSE-
MAN! THAT FRASER
SKUNK MADE US SINK
EVERY PENNY WE HAD
INTUH THE GROTTO HILL
CAVE BY SAYIN' HE
FOUND AZTEC GOLD
THAR-- BUT IT'S AS
EMPTY AS IT EVER
WAS! NOT EVEN YUH
KIN KEEP US FROM
GITTIN' REVENGE
ON 'IM!



I'VE ALREADY STOPPED YUH-- BECAUSE I FREED
FRASER FROM JAIL! BUT THAR'S THE MAN WHO
STOLE YORE MONEY-- THE BRAIN BEHIND THE WHOLE
PLOT! HE'LL CONFESS-- OR SOME CLAWS AN'
FANGS WILL MAKE HIM WISH
HE HAD!

HELP-- CALL THIS MAN-EATER OFF, HORSEMAN!
I'LL CONFESS-- HOW HAWK MASTERS AND I
PLOTTED TO SWINOLE THE TOWN OUT OF ALL
ITS MONEY IF WE EVER FOUND ANY OF
THOSE AZTEC GOLD COINS!



LATER...

WAL, WE GOT ALL
OUR MONEY BACK
FROM THORNTON--
THANKS TO YUH,
HORSEMAN!

THAT'S NOT ALL YUH'RE GONNA HAVE! I'LL SHOW
YUH WHAR THAT AZTEC GOLD WAS FOUND OUT IN
THE DESERT-- AN' YUH KIN ALL DIVIDE THE
REST OF IT AMONG YORESELVES! AS FER ME,
I'VE BEEN PAID ENOUGH BY SEEIN'
JUSTICE TRIUMPH!



THE HOODED HORSEMAN'S SLASHING
FISTS AND BLAZING GUNS BATTLE FOR
THE CAUSE OF JUSTICE IN ANOTHER
EPIC OF THE OLD WEST-- IN THE
NEXT ISSUE!
WATCH FOR IT!

the
END

Robbin' Hood

CRAK! CRAK!

Two rifle shots zipped past Jim Hood's ears, and he leaned lower over his horse's neck, raking the tired stallion's flanks with his spurs. The galloping horse strained mightily to increase its speed, but couldn't do it...and Jim knew he was as good as caught.

Turning in the saddle, Jim cast a quick glance behind him and saw that the posse had closed the gap to about two hundred yards. Their horses were fresher, he thought. They'd be catching up to him in a few minutes, if he wasn't shot from the saddle before then.

A bitter hopelessness welled up in Jim's throat. So this was the end. After all the years of fleeing from posses, the famed Robbin' Hood of the West had reached the end of his rope.

Jim could remember only too well how it all started. He'd been a young, ignorant galoot when he first came west to seek his fortune...just the kind of person a killer would pick to frame a murder on. And not only had Jim been framed for a crime he hadn't committed...but he'd been tried, convicted, and condemned to hang as well.

It was then that Jim had determined to become the Robin Hood of the West, avenging himself on those who were responsible for the evils and injustices in the land. With the desperate fury of one who had nothing to lose, he broke out of jail, killed the murderer who had framed him...and escaped.

The years that followed had seen the birth and development of the Robbin' Hood legend...until Jim Hood's name was known from the Rio Grande to Northern Montana. And it was a name that struck terror into the hearts of all those criminals who operated within the law, who used their banking or gambling or ranching activities to rob from the poor, and then used their ill-gotten proceeds to bribe crooked lawmen not to prosecute them. And it was

from those men that Jim Hood stole, giving the money to the poor and to the victims of injustice...as Robin Hood had done in the days of old.

But now this modern-day Robbin' Hood was about to be caught. Nothing but a miracle could save him from the posse hot on his heels, Jim knew. His rapidly tiring horse thundered around a bend in the mountain trail, and it was there that Jim decided to make his stand. He pulled the stallion up sharply, unlimbered his guns, turned to face the direction from which the posse would be coming...and saw the boy standing in the shrubbery at the side of the trail.

"Quick...in here!" the boy whispered urgently, parting the bushes to reveal the hidden entrance of a cave in the mountainside. Jim didn't hesitate a moment, but spurred his horse right into the cave.

Moments later, the posse galloped by, not even glancing at the hidden cave entrance. Jim breathed a sigh of relief and turned to look at the 17-year-old boy who was staring up at him in hero-worship.

"Yuh're Robbin' Hood," the boy said in awe. "I recognized yuh from yore pictures on the wanted posters. I've always wanted tuh be jest like yuh...lemme ride with yuh an' help yuh!"

Jim hesitated only a moment. Pointing his gun at the boy, he snarled, "Thanks fer helpin' me, sucker! An' now...lemme have all the money yuh have on yuh!"

The boy gazed at him in utter disbelief. "Yuh...yuh're kiddin'...Robbin' Hood only steals from badmen...OWWW!"

The boy staggered back under the impact of the vicious blow...and moments later, Jim rode out of the cave with the boy's wallet in his hands. When Jim heard the boy's sobbing curses and threats of revenge behind him, he knew that the youth would be riding with the posses in the future...and that Jim had saved him from a life of crime.

The BANTAM BUCKAROO



THERE WERE ONLY THREE HOMBRES IN THE COUNTY NEARLY AS TOUGH AS COPPERHEAD DALY...AND THEY WERE HIS ACCOMPLICES! TOGETHER, THEY MANAGED TO KEEP THE BANKS EMPTY AND THE HOSPITALS FILLED...UNTIL THE DARK AND DISASTROUS DAY WHEN THEY LOCKED HORNS WITH
The BANTAM BUCKAROO!

AT THE HARNEY RANCH... LOBO...YUH'RE PURTY NEAR AS USEFUL AS I WAS AT YORE AGE! DID YUH GIT THE HOSSES WATERED?

YEP! AN' I ROUNDED UP FIFTY HEAD O' YOUNG STOCK... AN' SHELLED A BUSHEL O' CHICKEN CORN WHEN I GOT BACK!

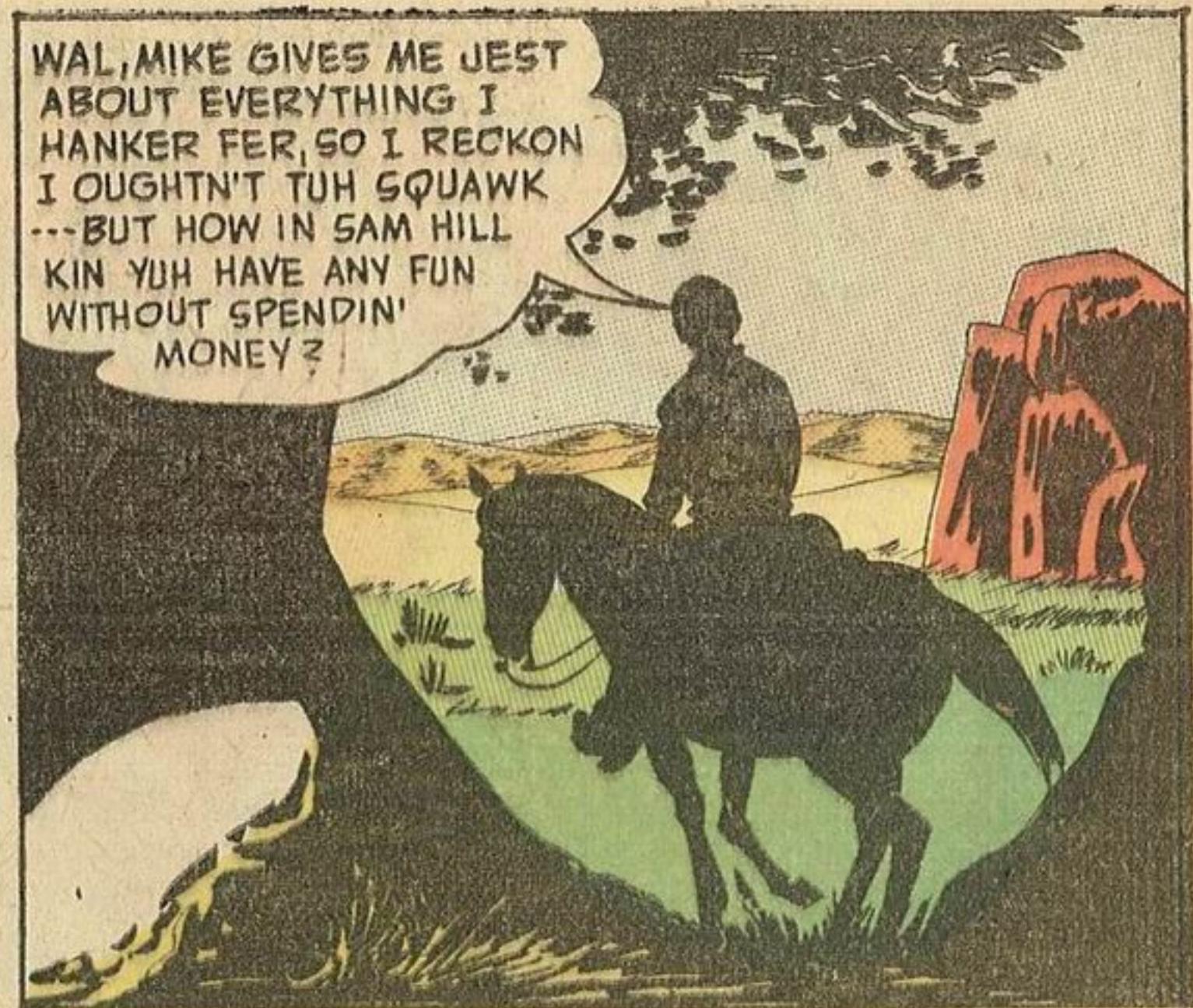
RECKON YUH'VE EARNED THIS HERE BUCK, LOBO! NOW...MOSEY INTUH TOWN AN' OPEN A BANK ACCOUNT!



CRIMPERS, MIKE... I FIGGERED TUH SPEND THAT DOLLAR! BESIDES... I'LL FEEL PLUMB FOOLISH DEPOSITIN' A MEASLY ONE-SPOT!

THAR'S NO TELLIN', LOBO... MEBBE YUH KIN PICK UP SOME CHANGE ON THE WAY! GIT GOIN'... AN' I'LL BE WAITIN' TUH SEE THAT BANK BOOK, SAVVY?

WAL, MIKE GIVES ME JEST ABOUT EVERYTHING I HANKER FER, SO I RECKON I OUGHTN'T TUH SQUAWK... BUT HOW IN SAM HILL KIN YUH HAVE ANY FUN WITHOUT SPENDIN' MONEY?



SOON AFTERWARD...

NO USE WAITIN', COPPERHEAD... THAR WON'T BE ANYONE INSIDE BUT THAT KID!

AMBLE ACROSS... I'LL SIGNAL THE OTHERS!



A MOMENT LATER...

UNLOCK THEM CASH DRAWERS, HOMBRE...

SUFFERIN' SASSAFRAS... THAT'S COPPERHEAD DALY!

AN' THEN REACH!

BANG!



YUH LOW-SLUNG POLECATS AREN'T GITTIN' MY DOLLAR!



SMALL FRY--DO YUH SAVVY WHAT IT MEANS TUH GIT ORNERY WITH COPPERHEAD DALY?

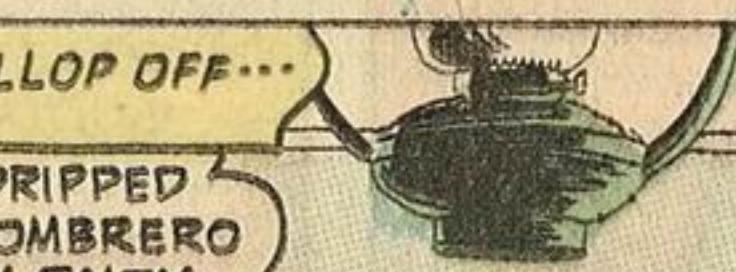
CRASH!

I'M NOT PLUGGIN' YUH YET...UNTIL MUH ARM GITS TIRED!

SIMMER DOWN, COPPERHEAD--WE'VE GOT THE DINERO! LET'S RAISE DUST...BEFORE THE LAW GITS HERE!

AS THE OUTLAWS GALLOP OFF...

CRIMPERS...THAT INK DRIPPED FROM COPPERHEAD'S SOMBRERO...AN' THAR MUST BE PLENTY LEFT IN THE BRIM! WAL, I WASN'T EXPECTIN' FUN...BUT HERE'S MUH CHANCE TUH TRAIL THOSE SIDEWINDERS!



SEVERAL MILES FROM TOWN...

WHOA UP, BRONC! THE INK SPOTS LEAD DOWN INTUH THAT GULLY...AN' IT'S A SHORE BET THAT'S WHAR THEY'RE HOLIN' IN!

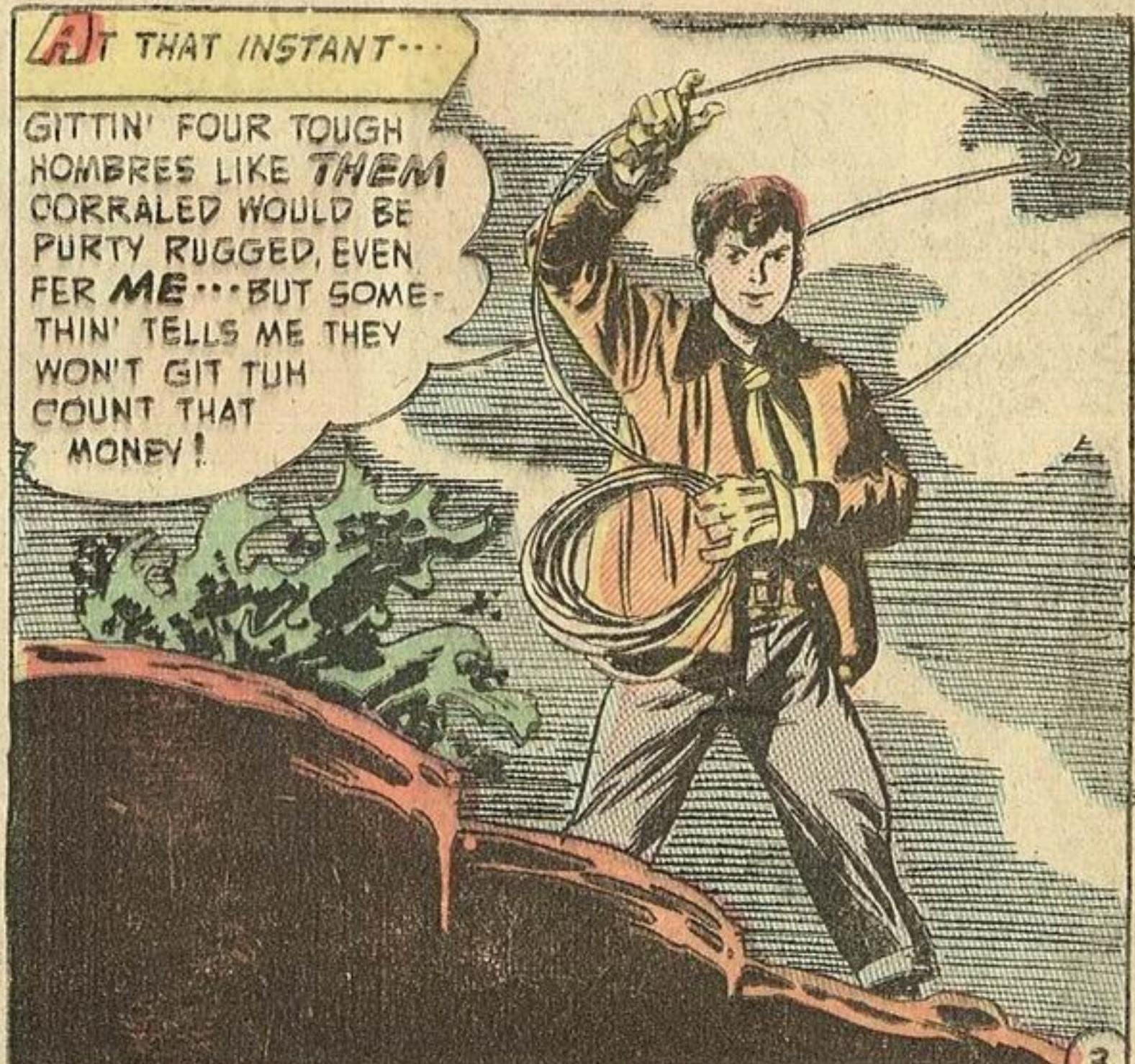


WISH NOW I'D WAITED...JEST LONG ENOUGH TUH LARRUP THE TAR OUT O' THAT YEARLIN'!

WHAT'S THE USE O' GROUSIN' ABOUT A PESKY SOMBRERO, COPPERHEAD? LET'S GIT THE DINERO COUNTED!

AT THAT INSTANT...

GITTIN' FOUR TOUGH HOMBRES LIKE THEM CORRALLED WOULD BE PURTY RUGGED, EVEN FER ME...BUT SOME-THIN' TELLS ME THEY WON'T GIT TUH COUNT THAT MONEY!



HOPPIN'
HORNED
TOADS!

IT'S THAT YOUNG
IMP O' PERDITION
AG'IN! GIT
MOUNTED!

MAKE TRACKS, BRONC
---NOW I'VE GOT A
HEAP MORE'N MUH
OWN DOLLAR TUH
WORRY ABOUT!

SOON AFTERWARD --- WITH THE OUTLAWS
IN CLOSE PURSUIT ---

I'M PURTY SHORE I KIN OUT-
DISTANCE THOSE BUZZARDS ---
BUT I MIGHT AS WELL HIDE
THE MONEY **HERE** --- AN',
GIVE MUH BRONC FIVE
POUNDS LESS TUH
CARRY!

A MOMENT LATER ---

CRIMPERS --- I FIXED
MUHSELF **GOOD**!
THAR'S ONLY ONE
WAY OUT O' HERE
--- AN' THAT'S THE
WAY **THEY'RE**
COMIN'!

I'VE GOT AN IDEE
---AN' MEBBE IT'S
JEST LOCO ENOUGH
TUH DO SOME
GOOD!



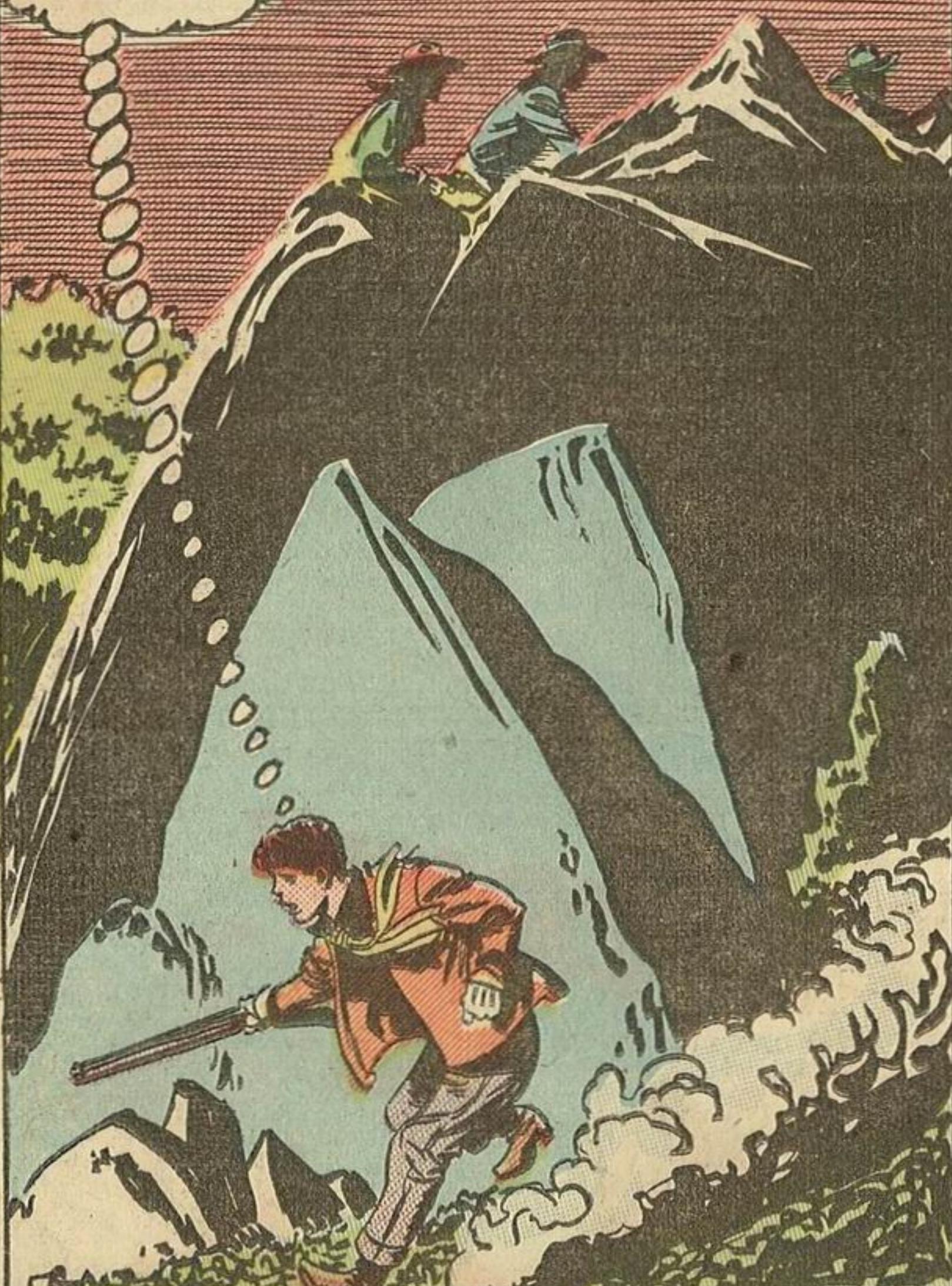
NOW THAT IT'S READY --- THAR'S
JEST ONE THING BIG ENOUGH
TUH SHOOT FROM A KING-
SIZED BOW LIKE THIS 'N
--- MUHSELF!



THAT HALF PINT COVERS GROUND LIKE A JACK RABBIT! THE MINUTE YUH SPOT HIM, GOOBER ... SLAM A LOAD O' BUCKSHOT INTUH HIM!



I SHORE AS SHOOTIN'
BETTER TRY SOMETHIN'
ELSE...IF I AIM TUH GIT
OUT O' HERE ALIVE!
I'M KEEPIN' THIS
SCATTER-GUN IN
RESERVE...AN'
MEANWHILE...



GIT OVER HERE
WITH THAT ROPE.
BRONC...
PRONTO!



A MOMENT LATER...



CRIMPIN'
COYOTES
...THAR
HE IS!

MAKE OUT YUH
DON'T SEE HIM!
WHEN WE'RE CLOSE
ENOUGH...WE'LL
HOP ON HIM
FROM TWO
SIDES!



YEP...YUH
GALOOTS ARE
HOPPIN'
PLENTY!



WAM!

THAR HE
GOES...
NIGHTAILIN'
INTUH THE
BRUSH!

BANG!



HE SHORE PUT THE KIBOSH ON THEM TWO, COPPERHEAD! WHAT'S MORE ...I'VE GOT AN IDEE HE'S SAVIN' THAT DOUBLE LOAD O' BUCKSHOT FER US!

THAT PEANUT COULDN'T FIRE A SHOTGUN WITHOUT THE RECOIL BLOWIN' HIM INTUH THE MIDDLE O' NEXT WEEK...AN' I RECKON HE KNOWS IT! VAMOOSE ...I'M ITCHIN' TUH SKIN HIM ALIVE BY INCHES!

THAR'S A FOOTPRINT, STRETCH... WE'RE GITTIN' CLOSE!

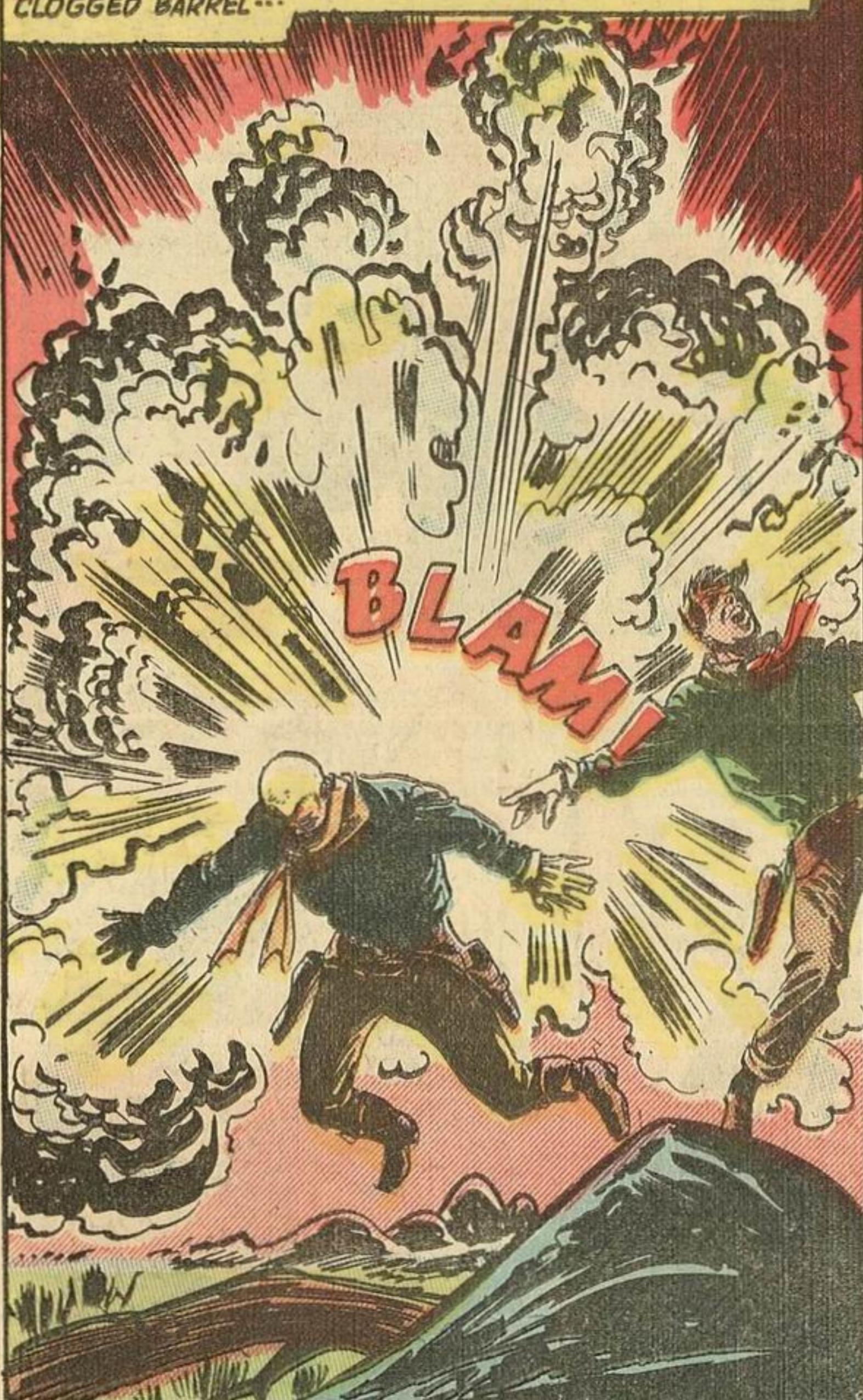
I PROMISED MIKE I'D NEVER AIM A SHOOTIN' IRON AT ANYONE ...BUT HE NEVER SAID A PEEP ABOUT FIRIN' ONE!

WAIT UP, COPPERHEAD ...THAR'S THE SCATTER-GUN!

I FIGGERED IT'D GIT TOO HEAVY FER THAT HALF-PINT! LET'S GIT IT...THEN WE'LL BE SHORE O' BAGGIN' HIM!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT...AS THE DISCHARGE EXPLODES THE CLOGGED BARREL...



MINUTES LATER...

I AIM TUH MEET UP WITH YUH AG'IN, RUNT...AN' WHEN I DO... DON'T EXPECT TUH PULL ANY MORE O' YORE PESKY TRICKS!

RECKON I WON'T HAVE TUH, COPPERHEAD! BY THE TIME YUH GIT OUT O' JAIL...I'LL BE OLD ENOUGH TUH PULL IRON!



BACK AT THE HARNEY RANCH...

LOBO, I KNOW YUH LEFT HERE WITH A DOLLAR...BUT WHAR IN Tarnation DID THIS EXTRY FIVE HUNDRED COME FROM?

THAT'S THE CHANGE YUH FIGGERED I MIGHT PICK UP ON MUH WAY INTUH TOWN, MIKE! WOULDN'T YUH EXPECT A REWARD... IF YUH ROUNDED UP A PASSEL O' BANK ROBBERS?



THE BANTAM BUCKAROO IS LINED UP FOR ANOTHER RIPSNORTING ADVENTURE... IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

THE END.

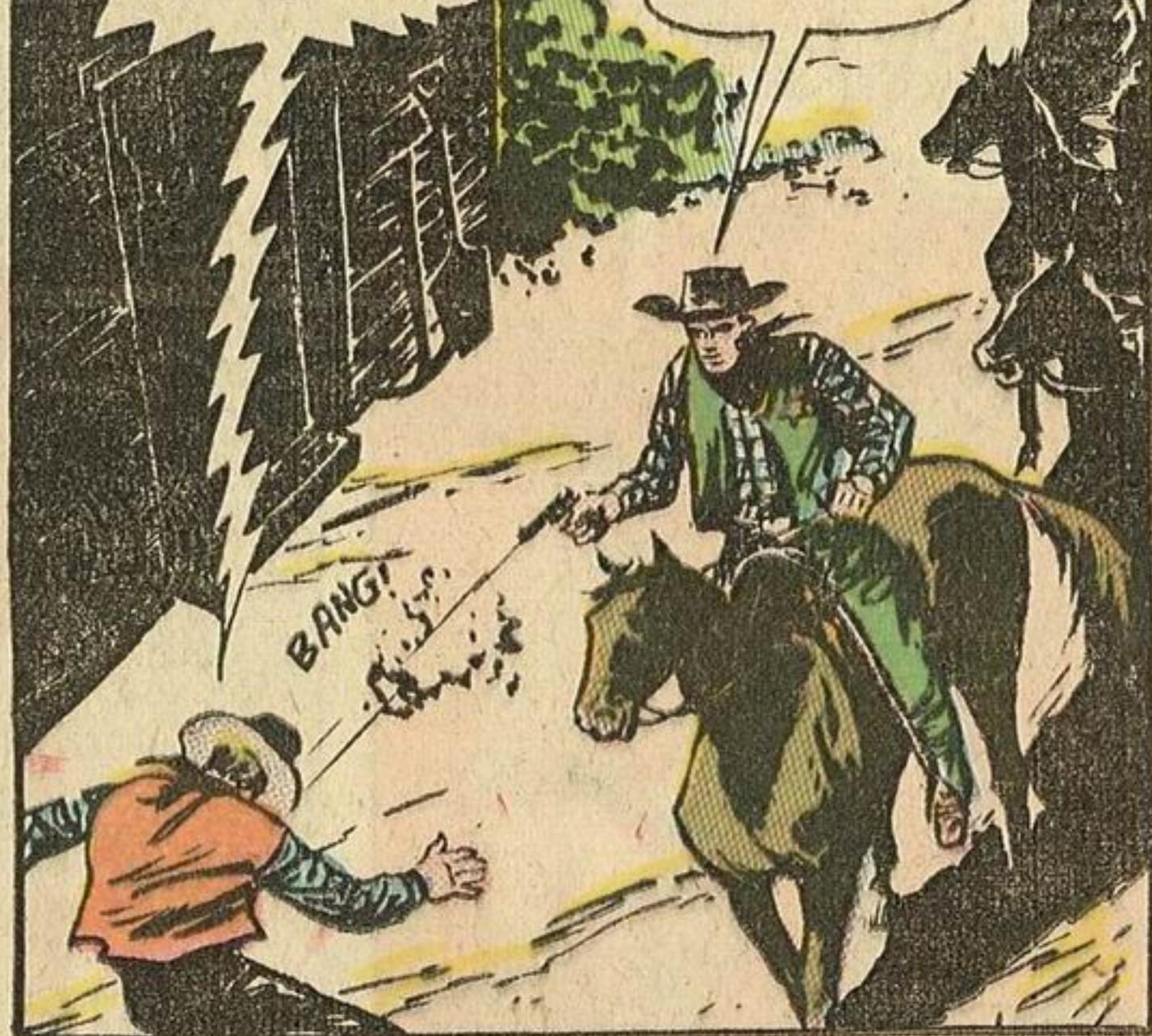
BADMEN of the WEST

ONE OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS BADMEN OF THE WEST IN THE 1860'S WAS HENRY PLUMMER, LEADER OF A BAND OF OUTLAWS KNOWN AS "THE INNOCENTS"! BY DAY, THE GANGMEN MOVED ABOUT AS PEACEFUL CITIZENS, PROTECTED BY THEIR LEADER... WHO WAS SHERIFF OF VIRGINIA CITY!

BUT AT NIGHT, "SHERIFF" HENRY PLUMMER AND HIS BAND OF "INNOCENTS" ROBBED AND KILLED!

HOWDY, SHERIFF,
WHAT KIN I DO
FER YUH...
AARGHH!

YUH KIN DIE!
---OKAY, BOYS, GIT
ALL THE GOLD IN
HIS SHACK!



WITHOUT A REAL SHERIFF TO DEFEND LAW AND ORDER, THE TOWNSMEN WERE HELPLESS --- UNTIL THEY BANDED TOGETHER AS "VIGILANTES", SWORN TO METE OUT JUSTICE TO THOSE WHO FLOUTED THE LAW!

AS LONG AS THAR'S NO LAW TUH PROTECT US, WE'VE GOTTA BECOME THE LAW... WE'VE GOTTA BE VIGILANT IN DEFENSE OF OUR RIGHTS! AN' AS SOON AS WE HANG HENRY PLUMMER AN' HIS GANG O' KILLERS, WE'LL ELECT AN HONEST SHERIFF!

YEAH...
WE'RE THE
VIGILANTES!

HENRY PLUMMER HEARD OF THE VIGILANTES' PLAN, AND DECIDED TO FLEE RATHER THAN FACE THEIR WRATH! BUT THE VIGILANTES MOVED TOO FAST FOR THE KILLER!

BLAST YUH, YUH'LL NEVER TAKE ME... OWWW!

WE'LL TAKE YUH, ALL RIGHT... OUT TUH THE GALLows!



WHEN THE KILLER'S NERVE CRACKED! AFTER CONFESSING TO ALL HIS CRIMES, HE SOBBINGLY BEGGED FOR HIS LIFE!

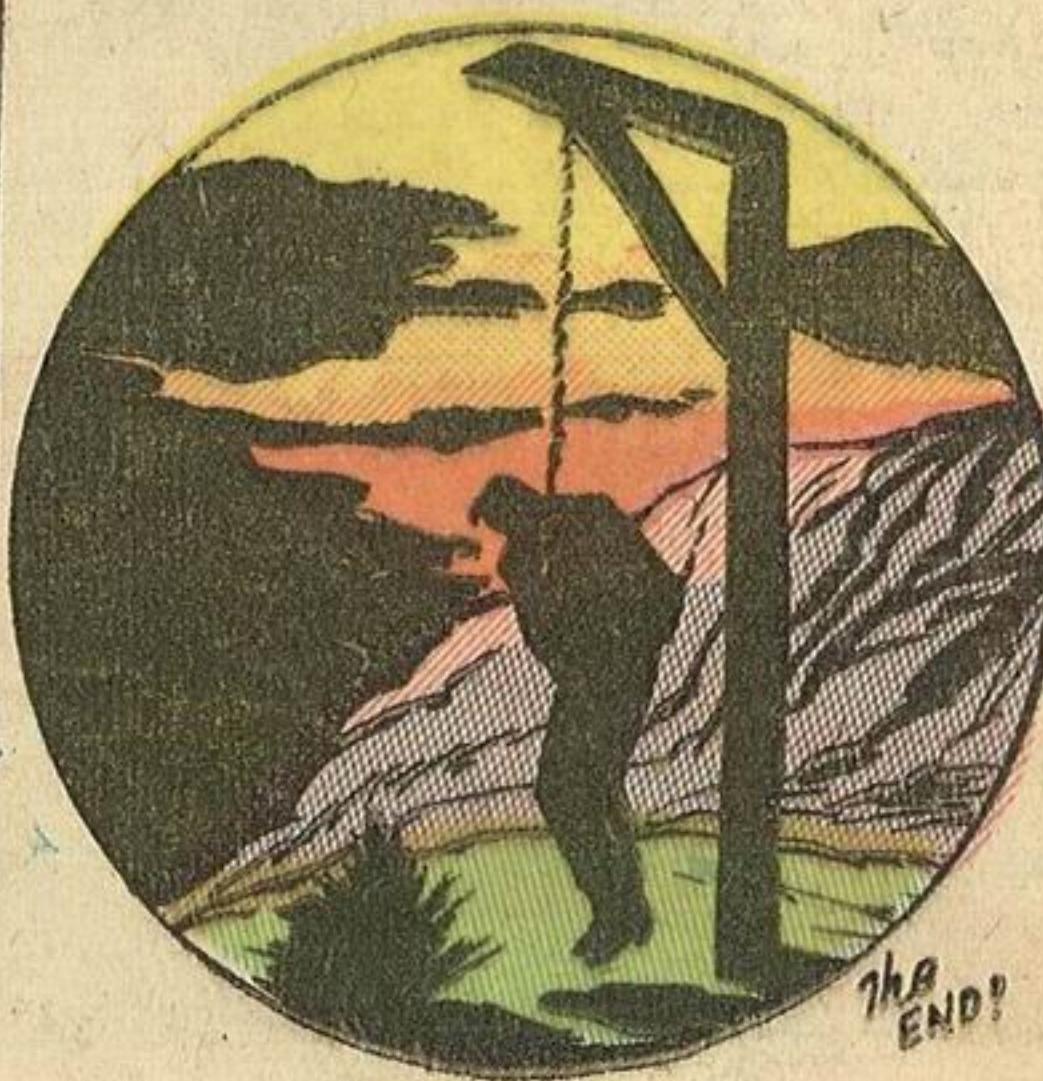
PLEASE... JEST LEMME GO... AN' I PROMISE TUH LEAVE THE COUNTRY FER GOOD! HAVE A HEART, BOYS --- I BEG OF YUN!

THE ROPE'S TIED
... PULL THE WAGON AWAY!

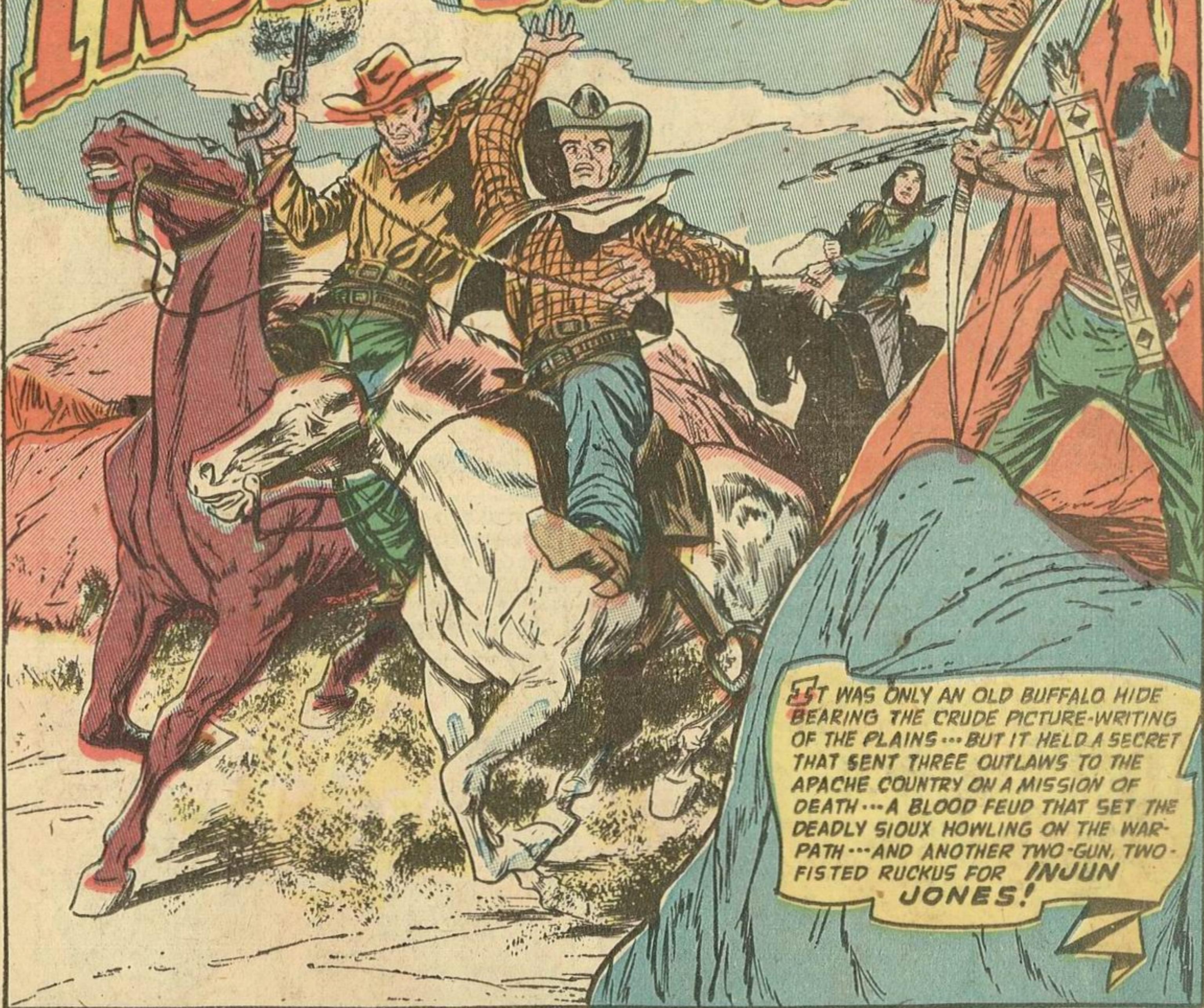
BUT WHEN PLUMMER SAW HIS WORDS WERE HAVING NO EFFECT ON THE VENGEFUL VIGILANTES, HE DETERMINED TO GO OUT WITH A SHOW OF BRAVADO!

WAIT, BOYS! ONE LAST FAVOR... MAKE SURE YUH GIMME A GOOD DROP!

"SHERIFF" HENRY PLUMMER'S LAST WISH WAS GRANTED --- AND THE WILD WEST WAS RID OF ONE OF ITS MOST NOTORIOUS BADMEN!



INJUN JONES



IT WAS ONLY AN OLD BUFFALO HIDE BEARING THE CRUDE PICTURE-WRITING OF THE PLAINS... BUT IT HELD A SECRET THAT SENT THREE OUTLAWS TO THE APACHE COUNTRY ON A MISSION OF DEATH... A BLOOD FEUD THAT SET THE DEADLY SIOUX HOWLING ON THE WAR-PATH... AND ANOTHER TWO-GUN, TWO-FISTED RUCKUS FOR INJUN JONES!

A QUIET AFTERNOON COULD LEAD TO ANYTHING ON THE OLD FRONTIER... AND THIS TIME...

INJUN... I'M AFRAID YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TROUBLE WITH SNUB DIXON AGAIN!

WHAT'S WRONG, VICKIE? IF THAT LOW-DOWN HOSS THIEF INSULTED YUH... I'LL LARRUP HIM TUH WITHIN AN INCH OF HIS LIFE!

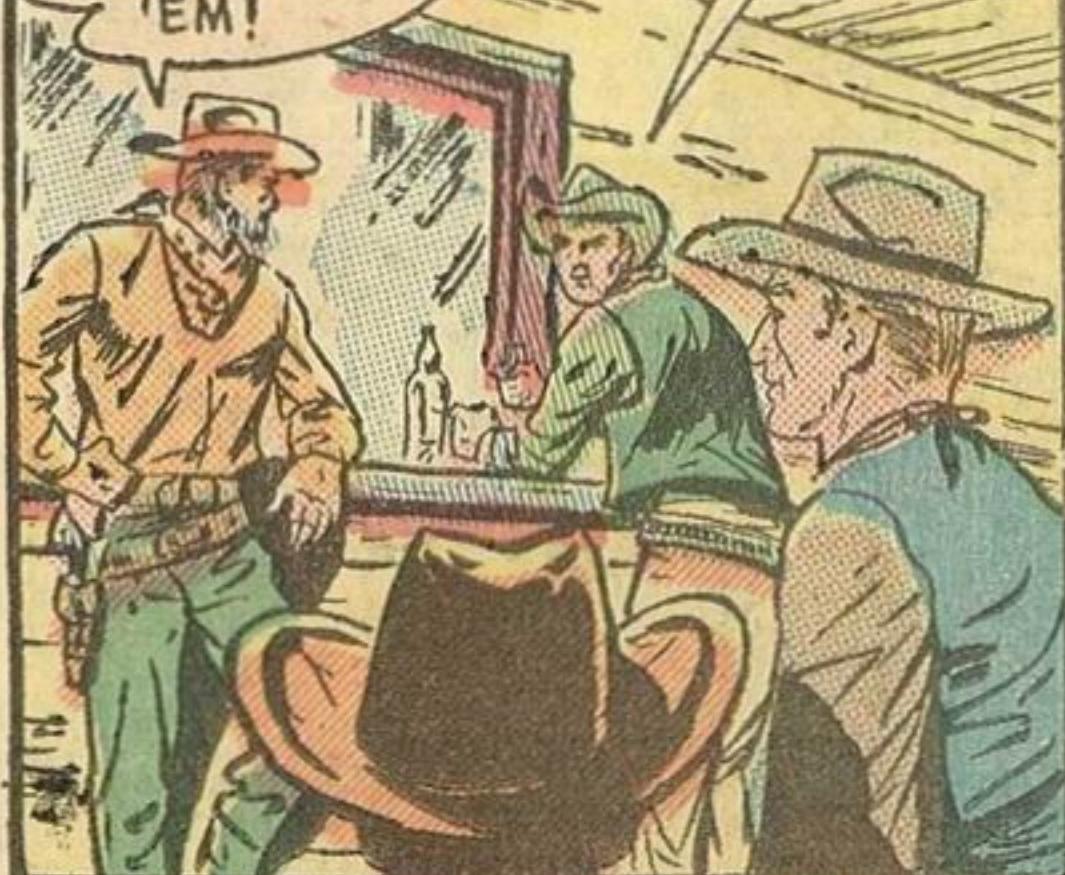
IT ISN'T THAT... BUT HE'S IN MIGHTY DANGEROUS COMPANY FOR A MAN WITH A DESPERATE REPUTATION LIKE HIS! THEY'RE THREE HARD-LOOKING STRANGERS, INJUN... AND THEY'VE BEEN PLYING DIXON WITH LIQUOR ALL MORNING!



AT THAT MOMENT...

I STILL SAY THE APACHES IN THESE PARTS ARE GITTIN' AWAY WITH MURDER, DIXON... AN' IT'S BECAUSE HOMBRES LIKE YUH ARE AFRAID TUH TANGLE WITH 'EM!

PARDNER... I'M GOIN' TUH CALL YUH ON THAT! I'VE PLUGGED MANY A REDSKIN... AN' I RECKON I KIN DO IT AG'IN!

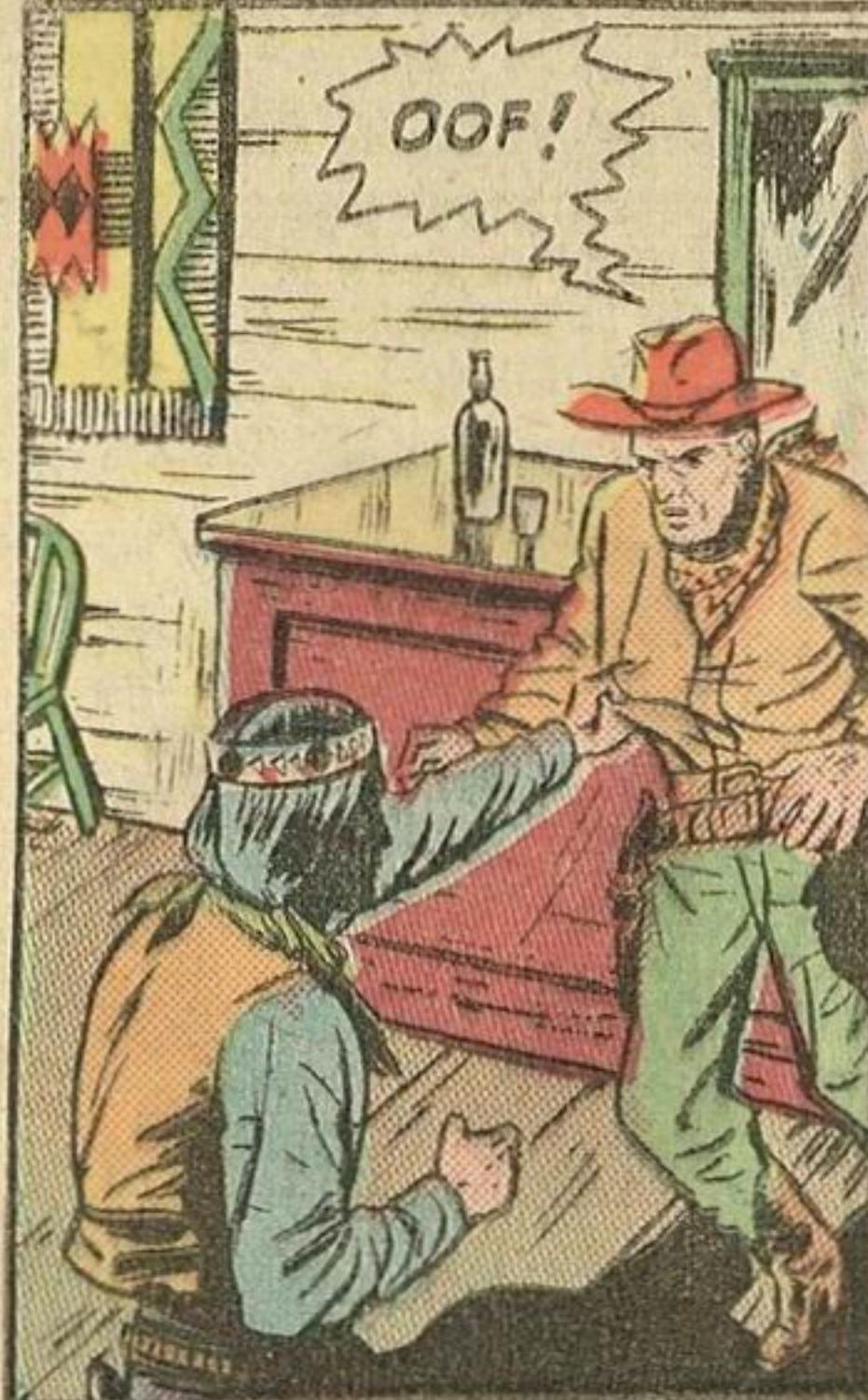
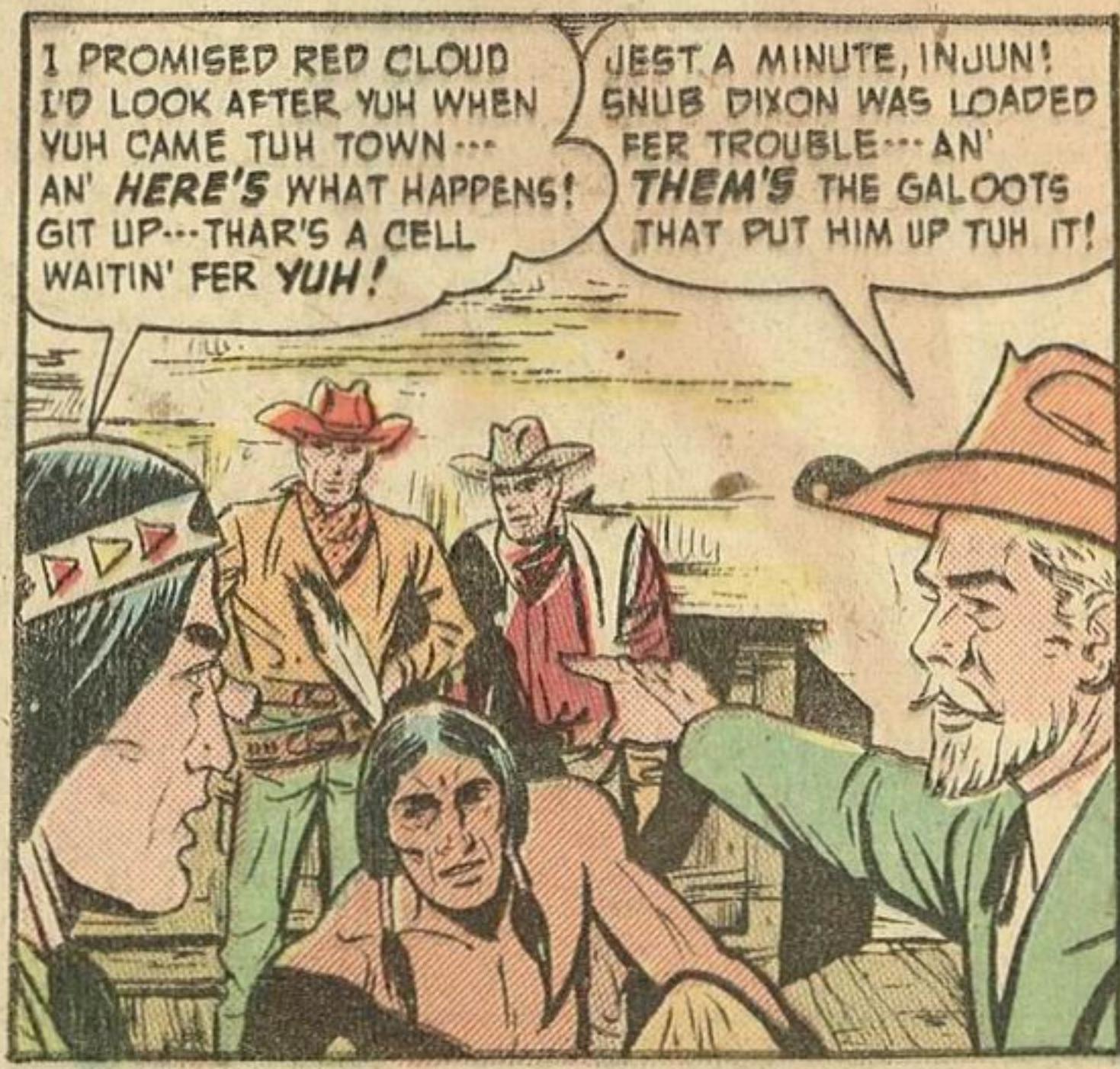
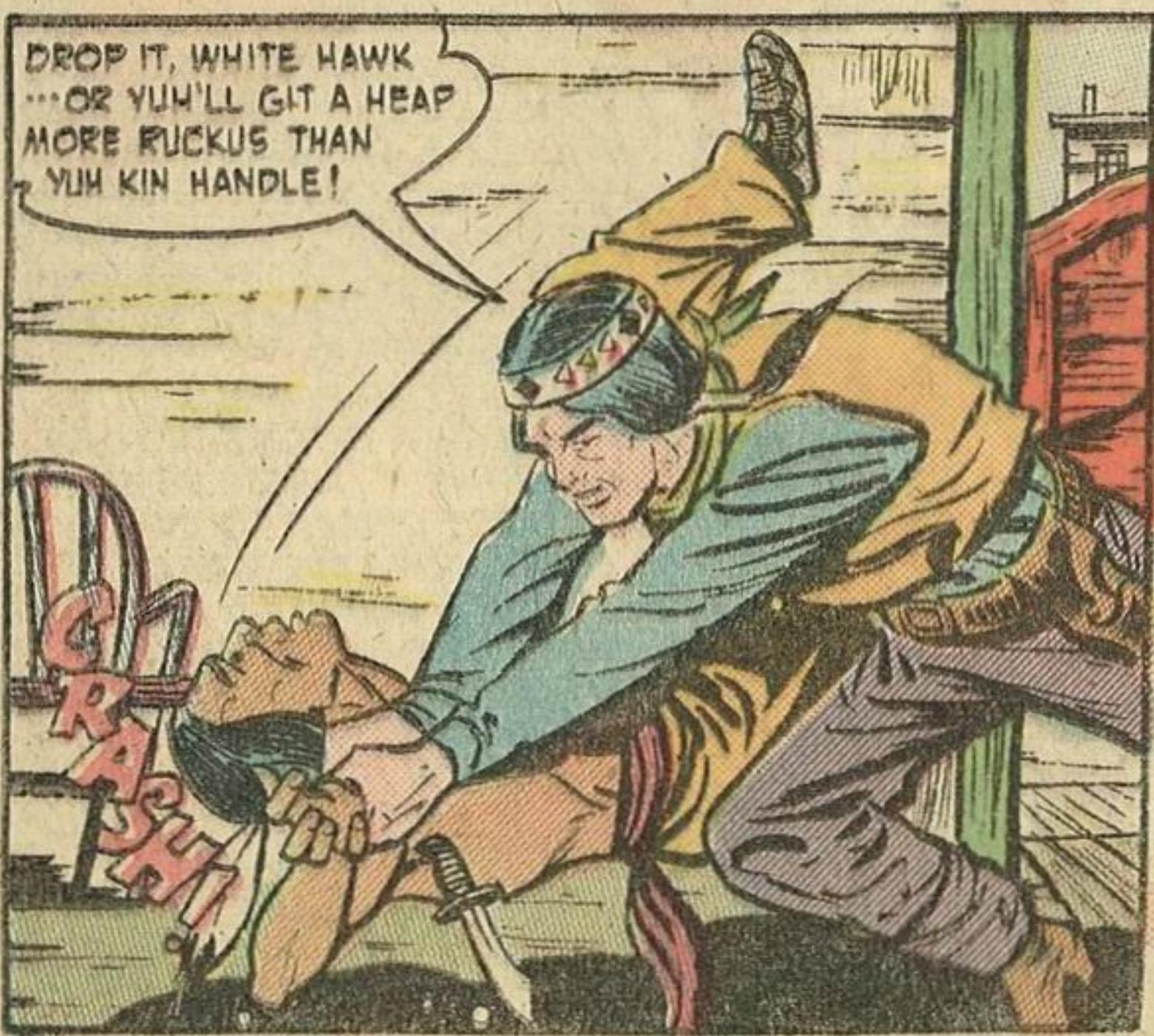
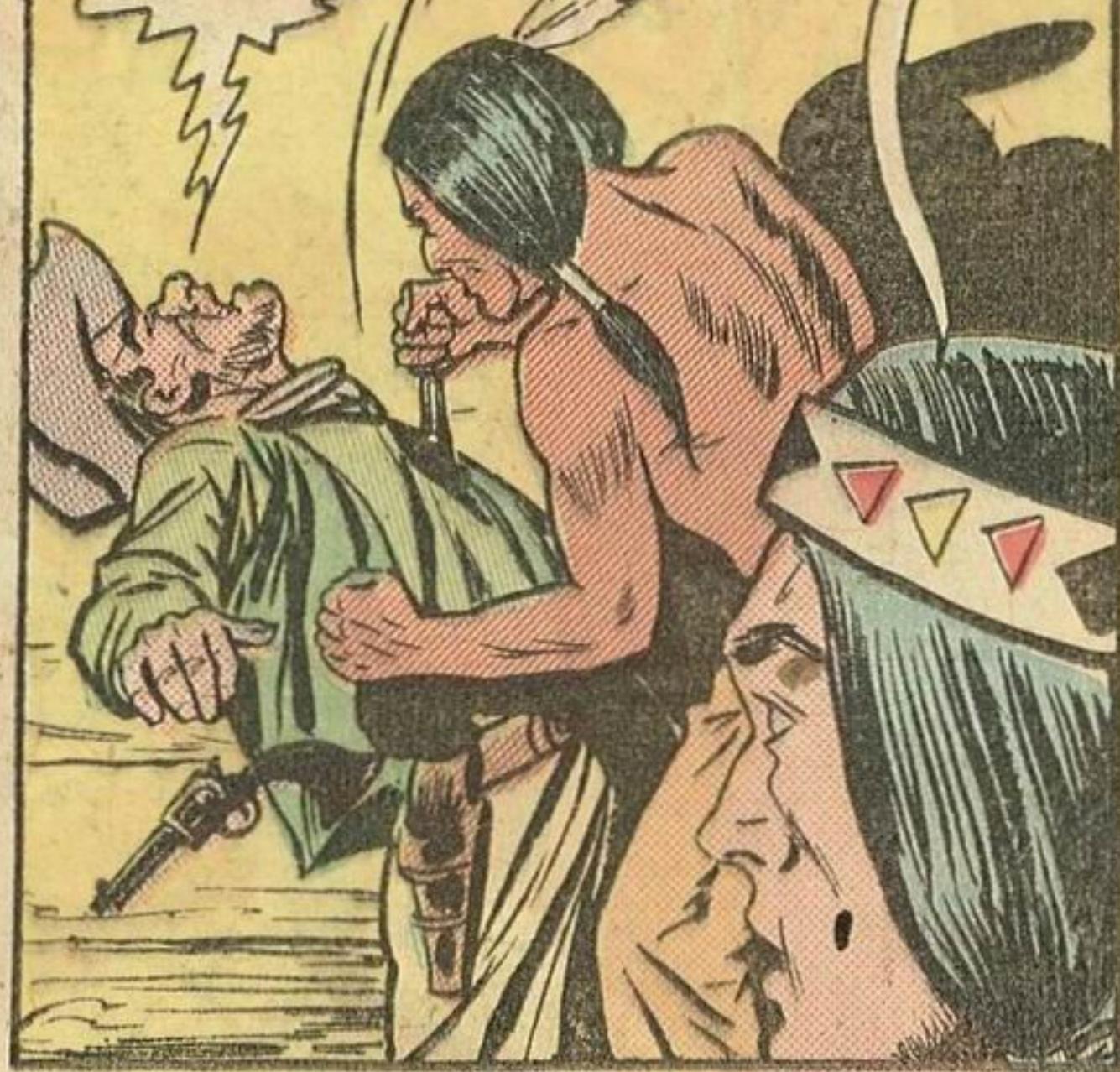
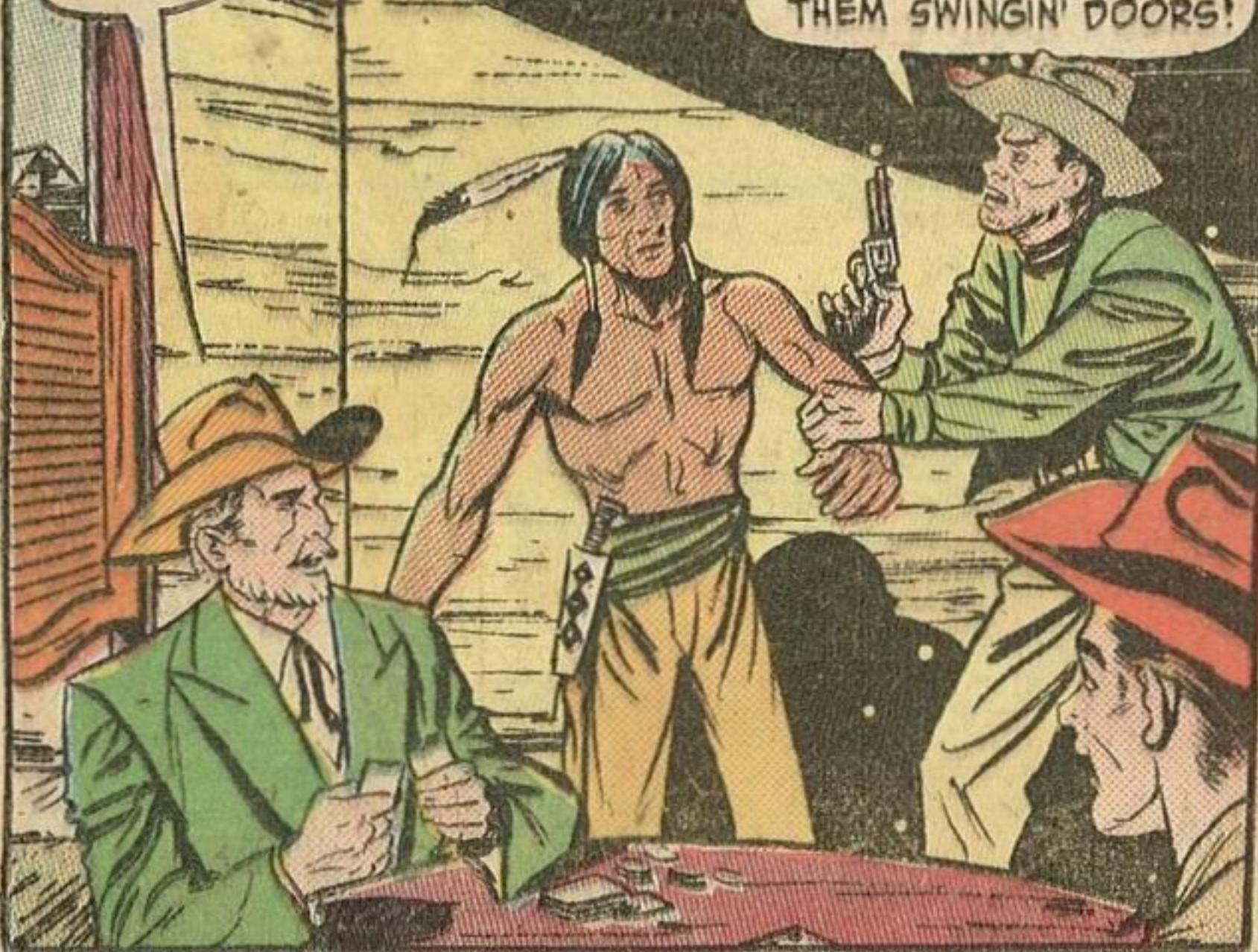


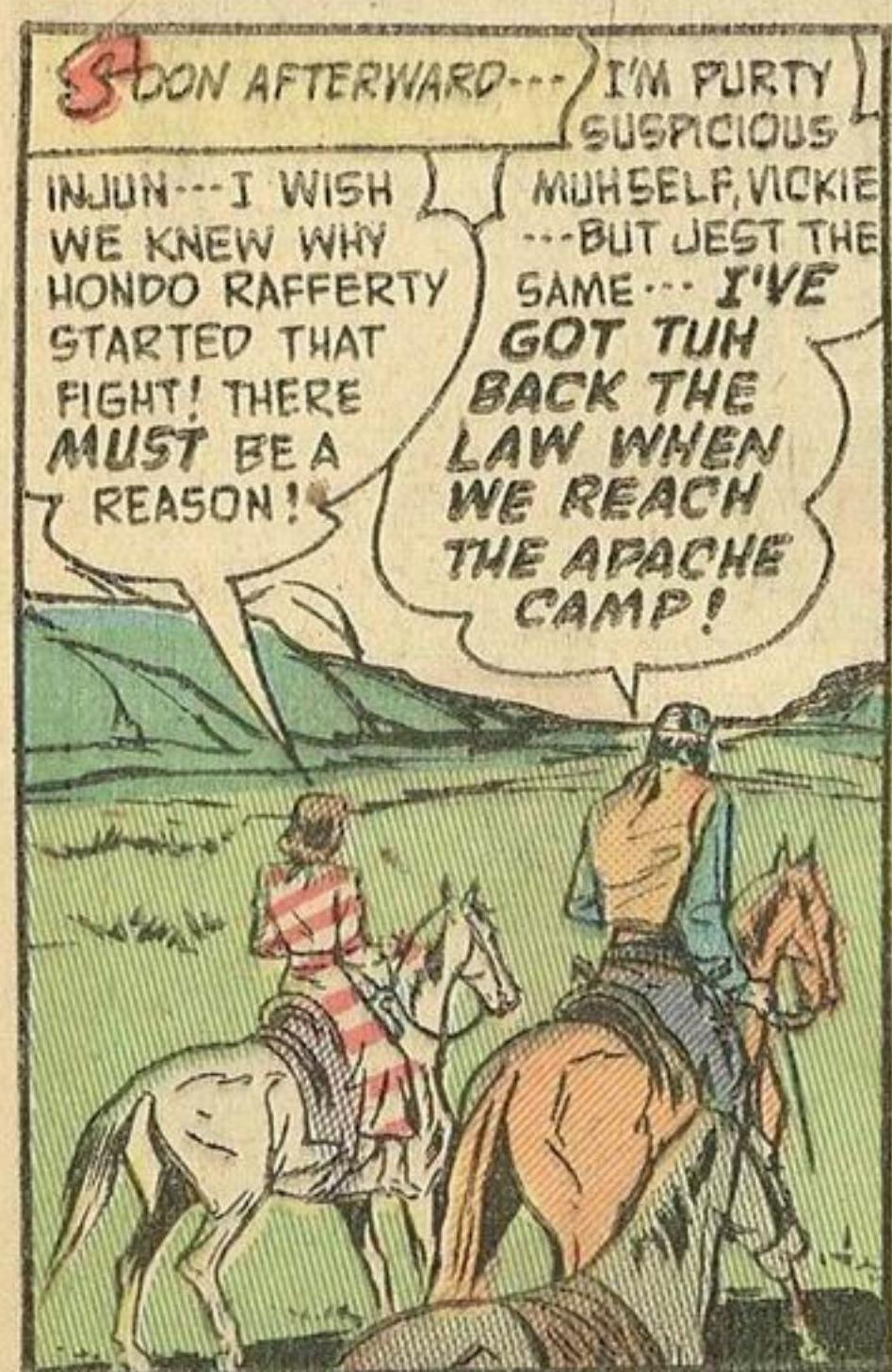
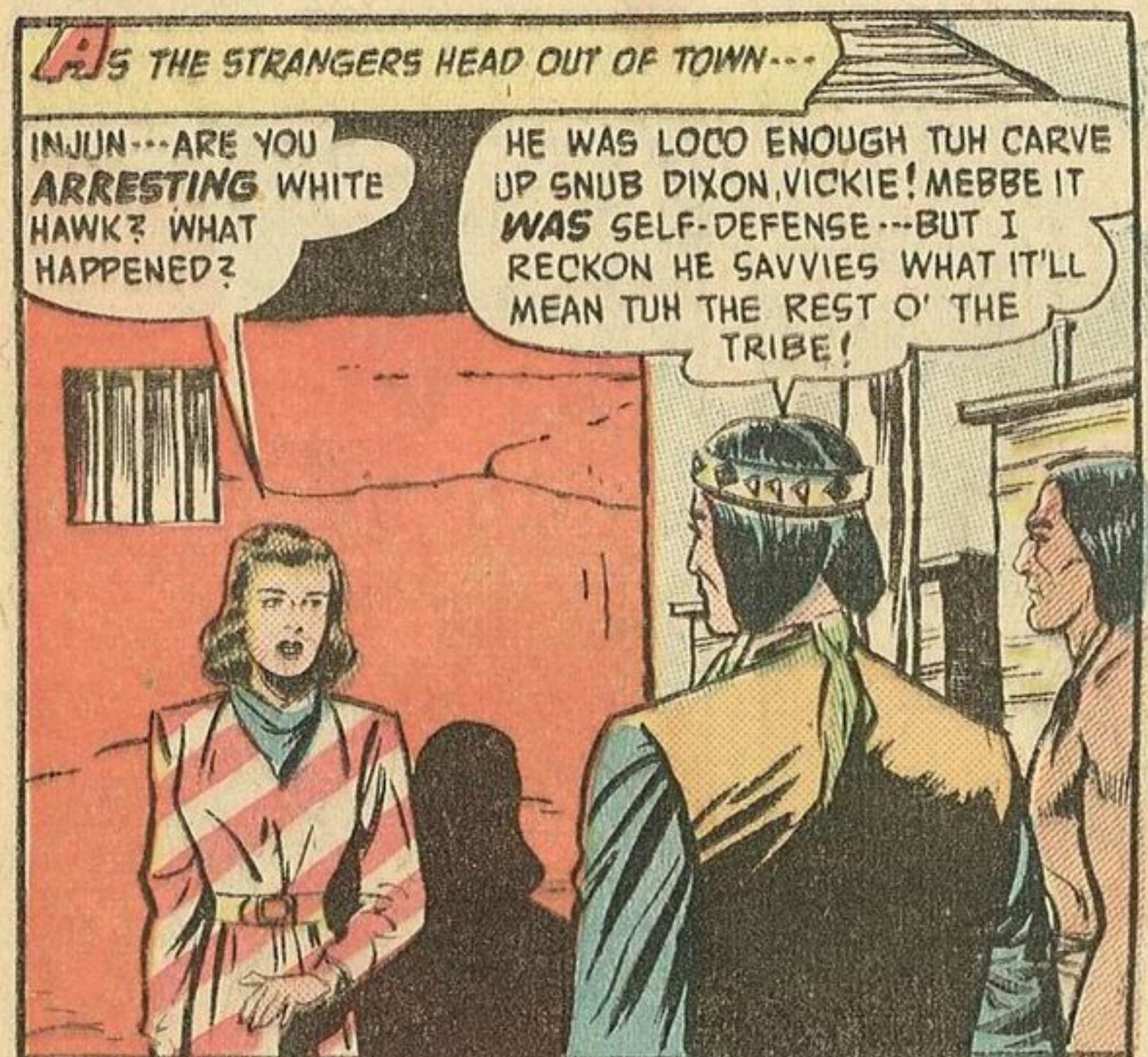
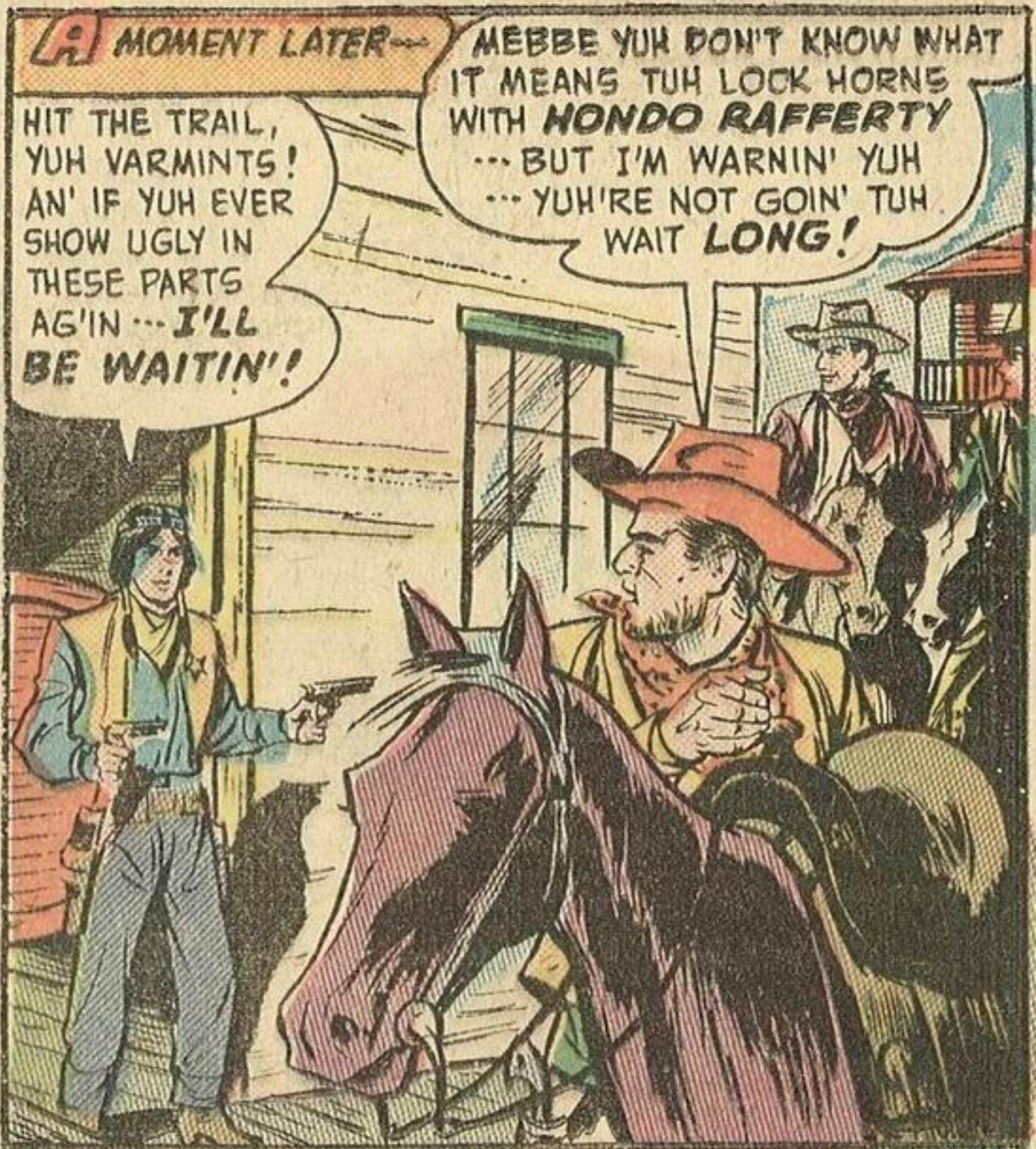
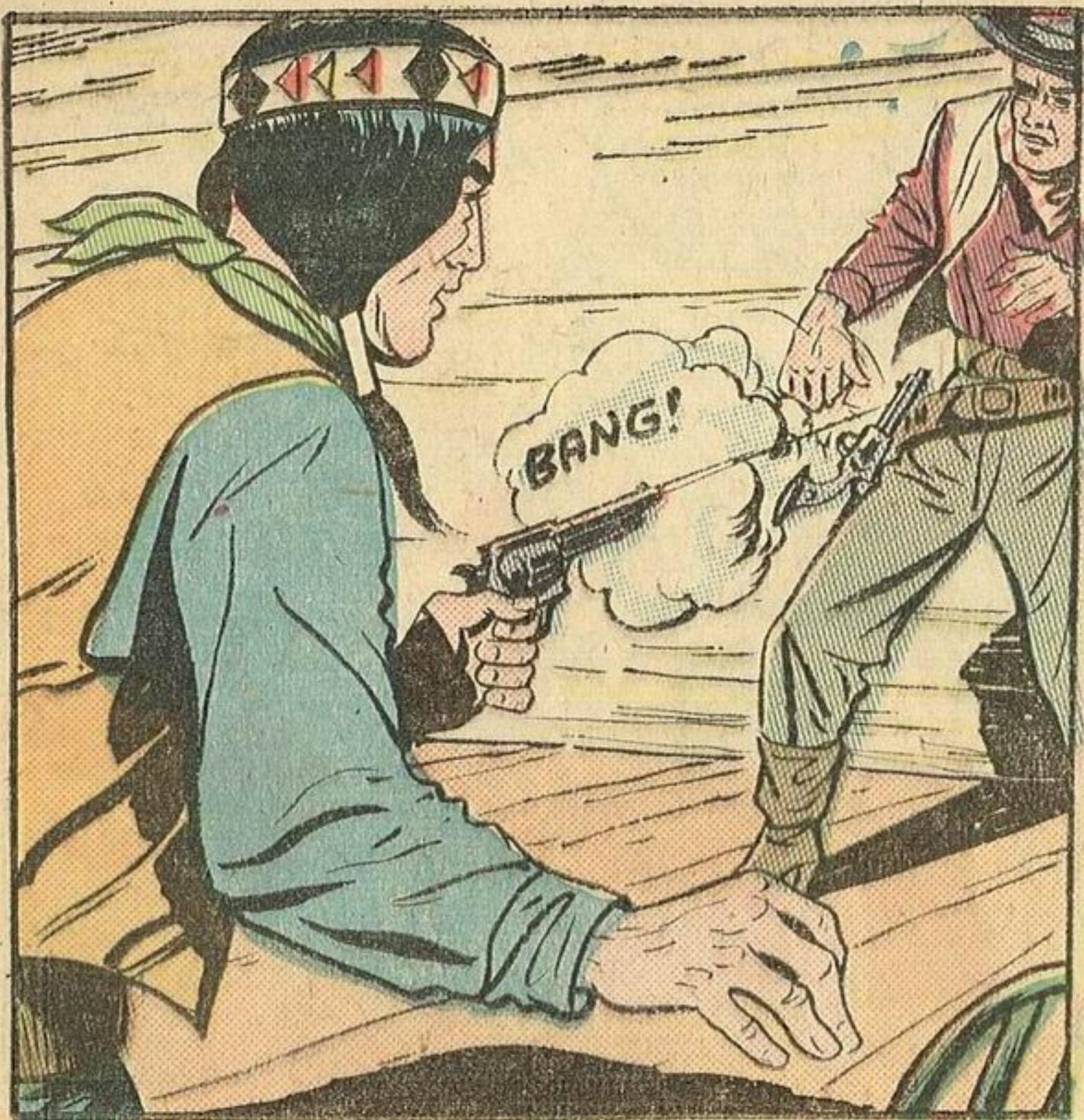
SIMMER DOWN,
DIXON...WHITE
HAWK'S NOT
BOtherin'
YUH?

I DON'T WANT ANY
SKULKIN' APACHE AROUND
WHAR I'M DRINKIN'! GIT
MOVIN'...OR I'LL BLAST
YUH PLUMB THROUGH
THEM SWINGIN' DOORS!

IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

HOPPIN'
HORNED
TOADS!





MINUTES LATER...

I WISH YOU DIDN'T
HAVE TO DO THIS,
INJUN ... TO
FRIENDS!

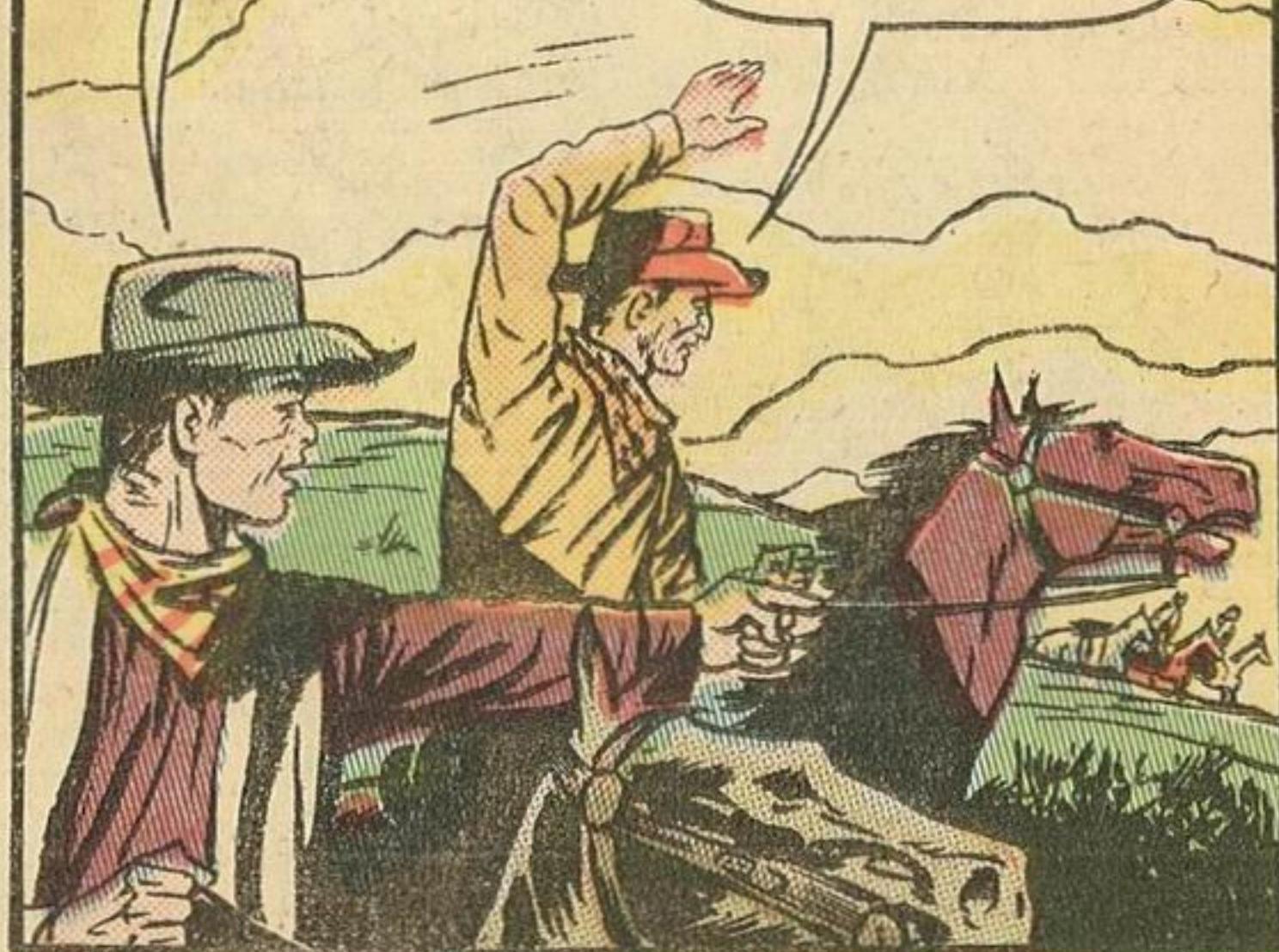
SHORE, THEY'RE HOPPIN'
MAD'ABOUT IT...AN' I
FEEL LOWER'N A FLAP-
JACK FER **HAVIN'** TUH
DO IT! BUT IF I **DIDN'T**,
THE SHERIFF WOULD SEND
OTHER DEPUTIES AFTER
THIS HARDWARE ... AN'
THAT'D MEAN A
FIGHT!



AS INJUN AND VICKIE HEAD BACK TOWARD TOWN...

IT WORKED, HONDO...
THAT PACK HOSS MUST
BE TOTIN' CLOSE TUH
A HUNDRED GUNS!

NOW WE'LL SEE WHAT
THEM APACHES THINK O'
INJUN JONES...AFTER
WE GIT THROUGH WITH
'EM! ... **VAMOOSE!**



Then...WITH A SAVAGERY NO
INDIAN COULD MATCH...

YAA-
HOO!



THIS IS JEST TUH
WARN YUH VARMINTS
O' WHAT'LL HAPPEN...
IF ANY ARROWS START
WHIZZIN' WHILE
WE'RE SEARCHIN'
THE CHIEF'S
WIGWAM!

I AM THE
CHIEF...RED
CLOUD...AND
THIS LANCE
WILL KNOW
YOUR
BLOOD!



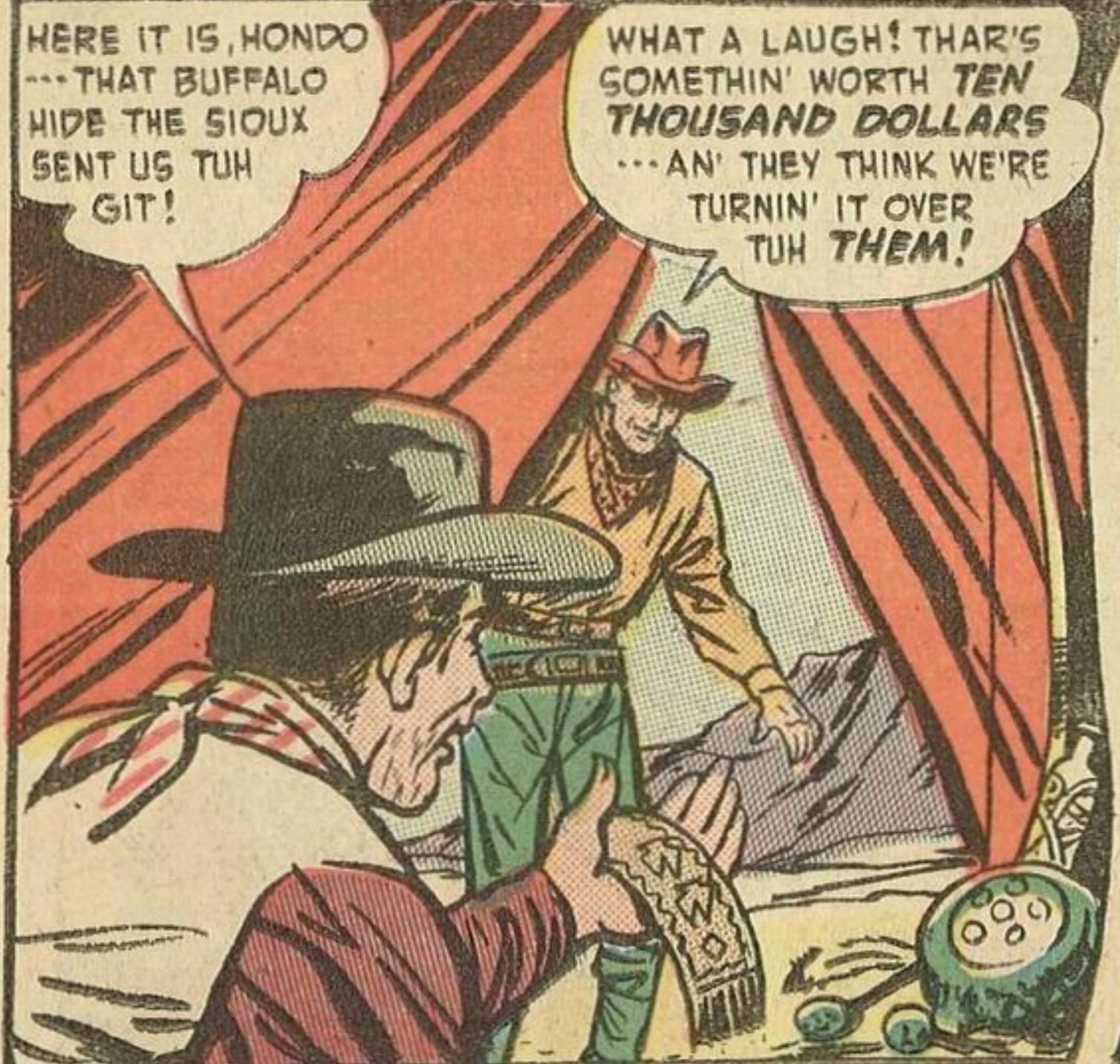
BEFORE RED CLOUD
CAN STRIKE ...

**DON'T GIT
ME RILED,
OL' TIMER!**



HERE IT IS, HONDO
... THAT BUFFALO
HIDE THE SIOUX
SENT US TUH
GIT!

WHAT A LAUGH! THAR'S
SOMETHIN' WORTH **TEN
THOUSAND DOLLARS**
... AN' THEY THINK WE'RE
TURNIN' IT OVER
TUH **THEM!**



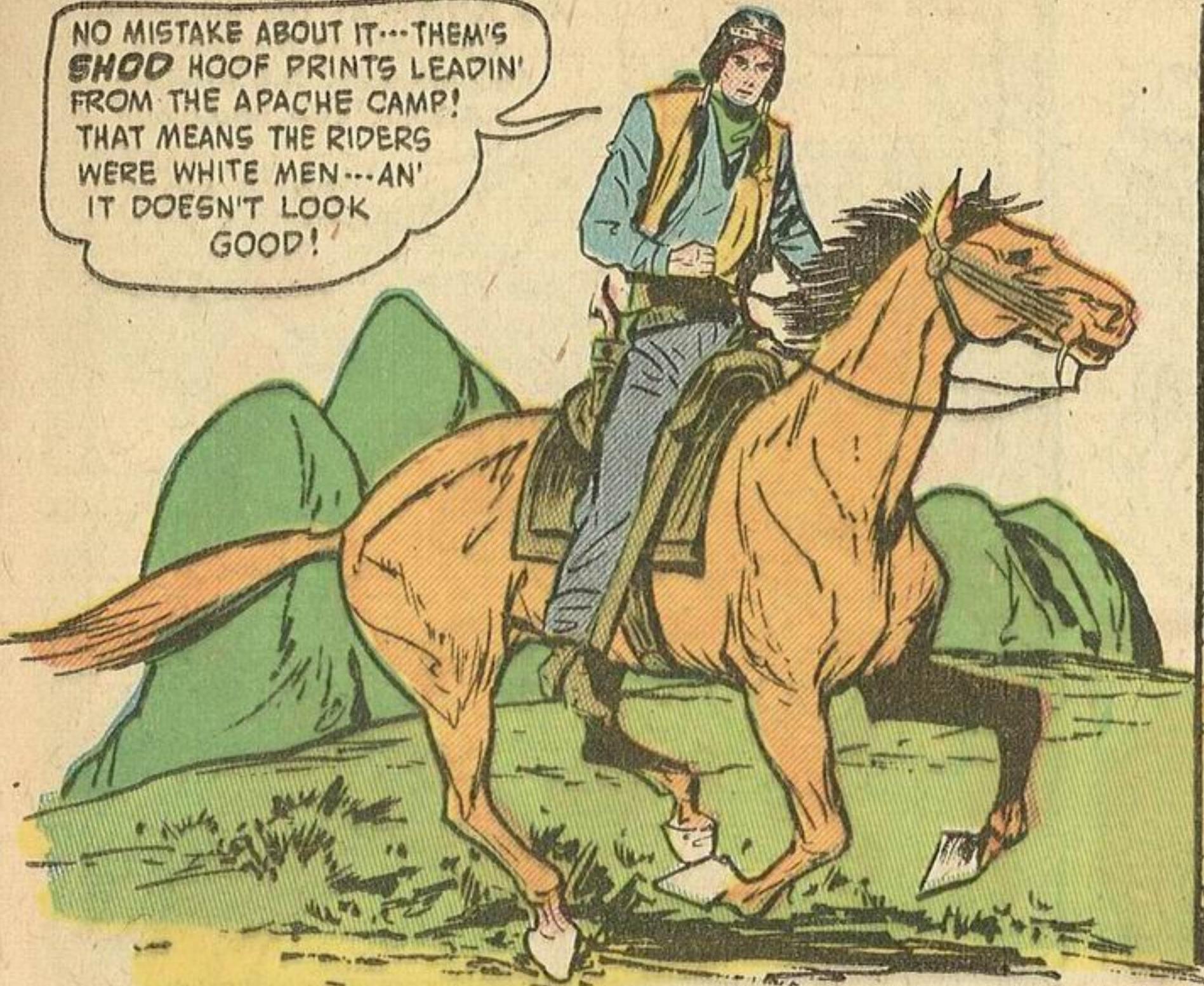
MINUTES LATER...ALONG THE TRAIL...

ARE YOU **SURE**
THAT'S THE APACHE
DISTRESS SIGNAL,
INJUN?

YEP...AN' IT DOESN'T
MEAN ANYTHIN' TRIFLIN'!
BETTER WAIT HERE,
VICKIE...WHILE I
SEE WHAT'S WRONG!



NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT...THEM'S SHOD HOOF PRINTS LEADIN' FROM THE APACHE CAMP! THAT MEANS THE RIDERS WERE WHITE MEN...AN' IT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD!



FOUR OF OUR BRAVES ARE DEAD...BRAVES WHO TAUGHT YOU THE SECRETS OF THE WARPATH! THEN THEY HAD GUNS...BUT TODAY THEY FACED HONDO RAFFERTY WITH LANCES!

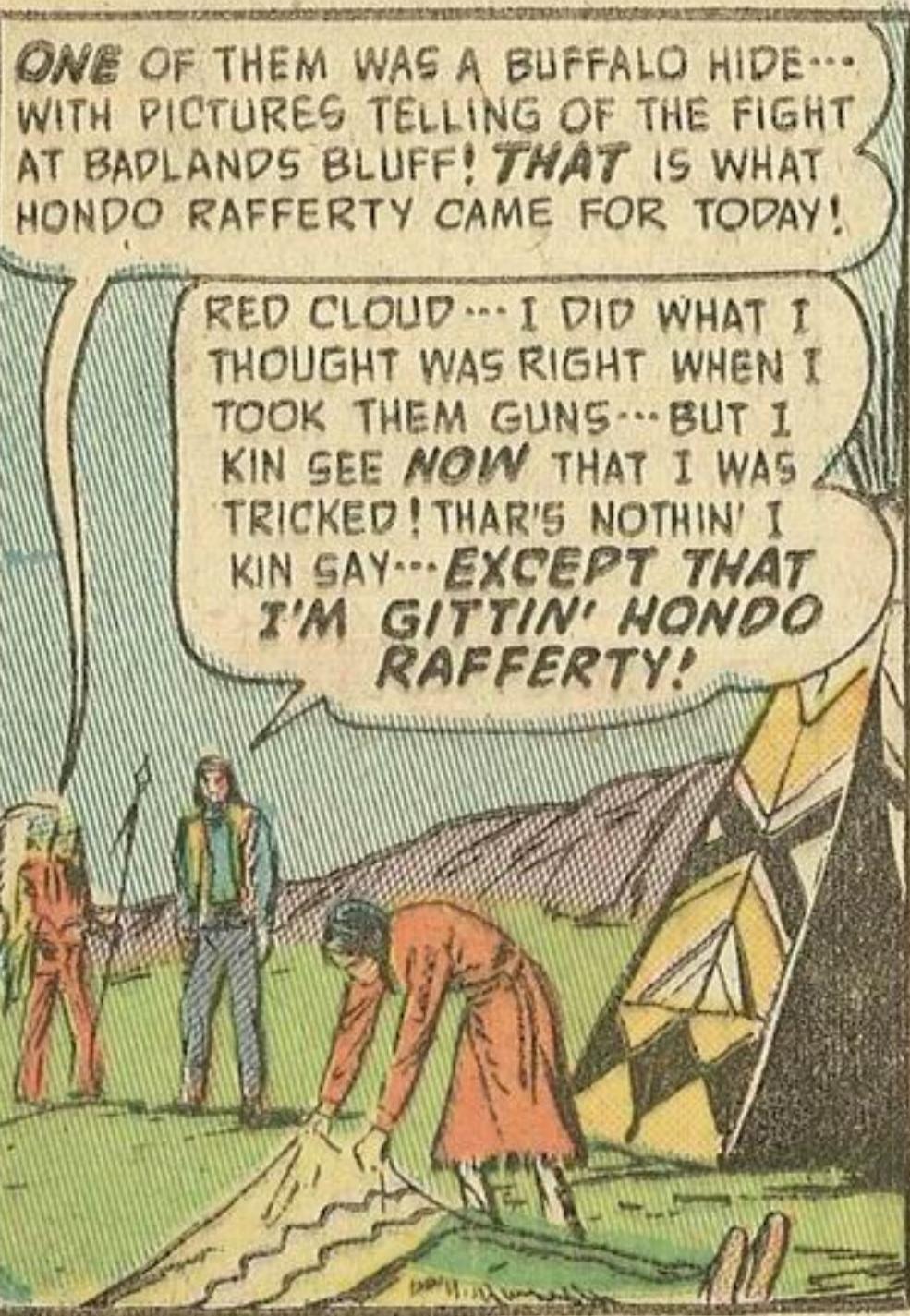
HONDO RAFFERTY!
GIT OFF YORE HIGH HOSS, RED CLOUD...WHAT'D HE WANT?

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN RED CLOUD WAS AS YOU ARE NOW...THIRTY YEARS AGO! THE SIOUX WERE BOLD...THEY HAD JUST WIPE OUT A TROOP OF CAVALRY AT A PLACE CALLED BADLANDS BLUFF...AND I WAS EAGER FOR GLORY! I LED MY APACHES NORTH...WE TOOK MANY SIOUX SCALPS...AND CAPTURED THEIR BATTLE TROPHIES!



ONE OF THEM WAS A BUFFALO HIDE...WITH PICTURES TELLING OF THE FIGHT AT BADLANDS BLUFF! THAT IS WHAT HONDO RAFFERTY CAME FOR TODAY!

RED CLOUD...I DID WHAT I THOUGHT WAS RIGHT WHEN I TOOK THEM GUNS...BUT I KIN SEE NOW THAT I WAS TRICKED! THAR'S NOTHIN' I KIN SAY...EXCEPT THAT I'M GITTIN' HONDO RAFFERTY!



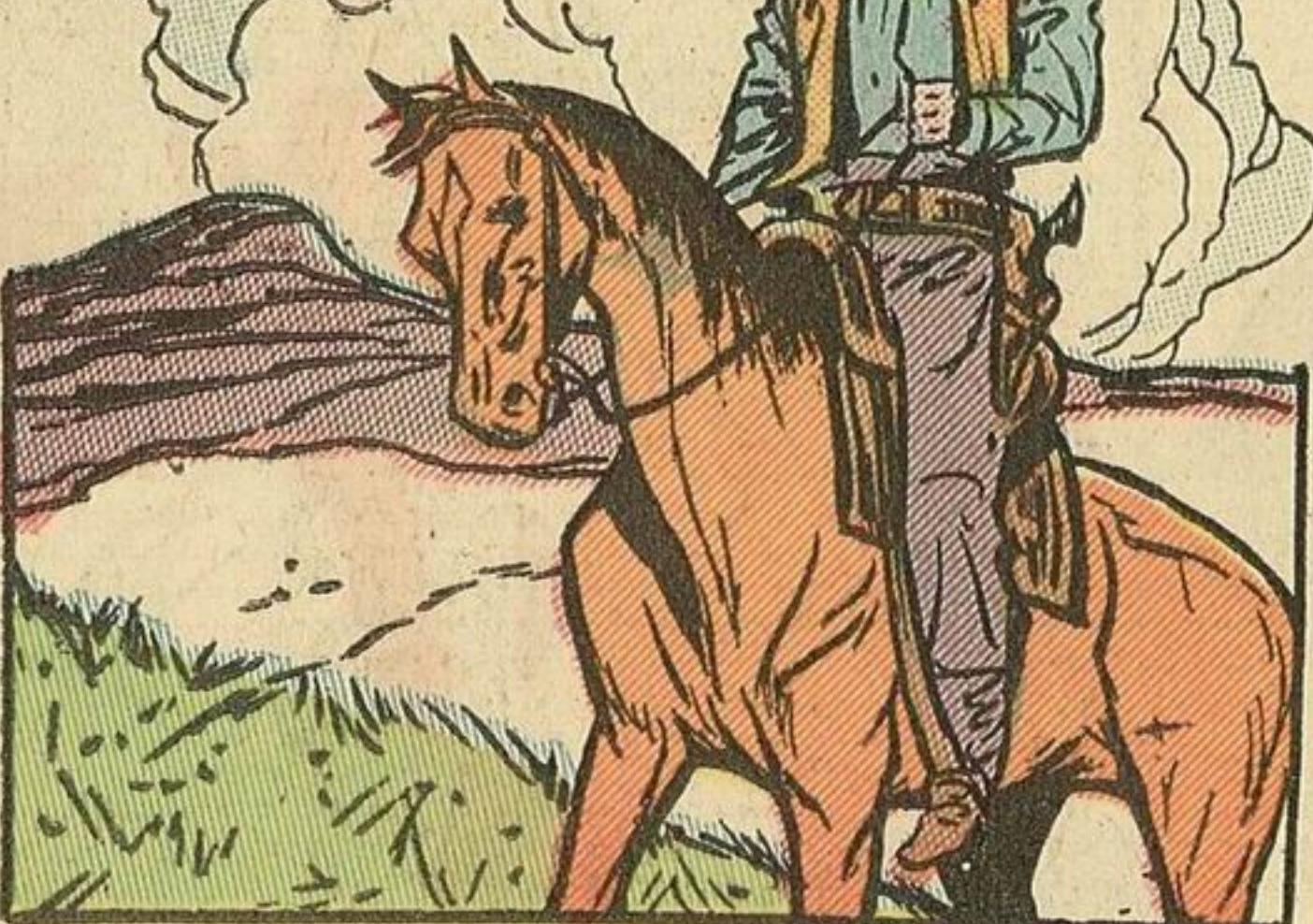
FINALLY...SIX HUNDRED MILES FROM
THE SOUTHWEST MESAS...

DRUMS! THAR'S
A SIOUX CAMP MIGHTY
CLOSE...AN' THEY'RE
WHOOPIN' IT UP FER
WAR!

BOOMA
BOOMA
BOOM

LAUGH AT THE SOLDIERS
...LAUGH AT DISTANCE...
AND ANSWER THE APACHE
INSULT WITH BLOOD!

EEE-YAH!
HOOO!
HOOO!

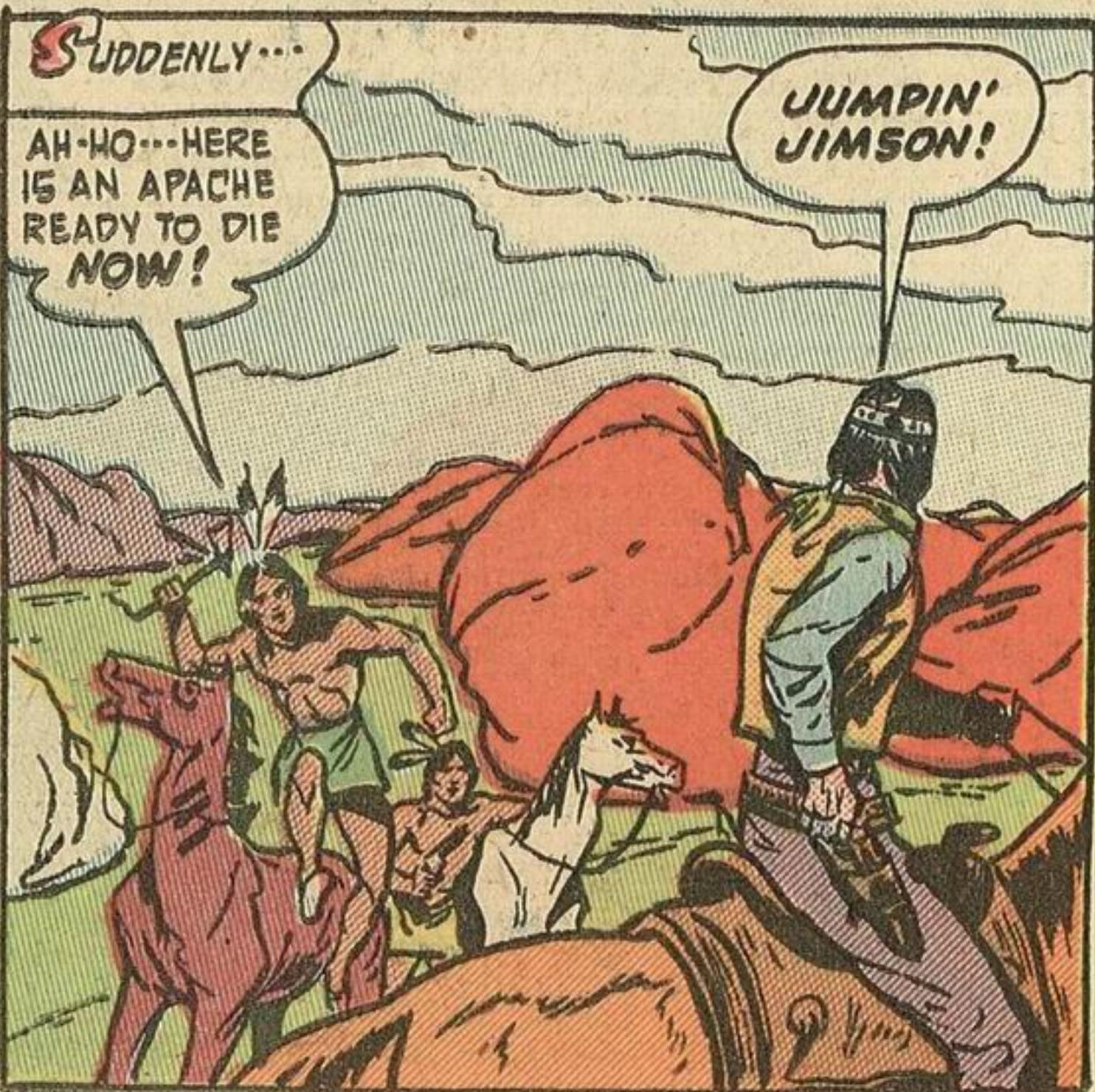


SUDDENLY...

AH-HO...HERE
IS AN APACHE
READY TO DIE
NOW!

JUMPIN'
JIMSON!

YUH WHOOPIN' BUZZARDS
ARE GOIN' TUH FIND AN
APACHE DOESN'T DIE
EASY!



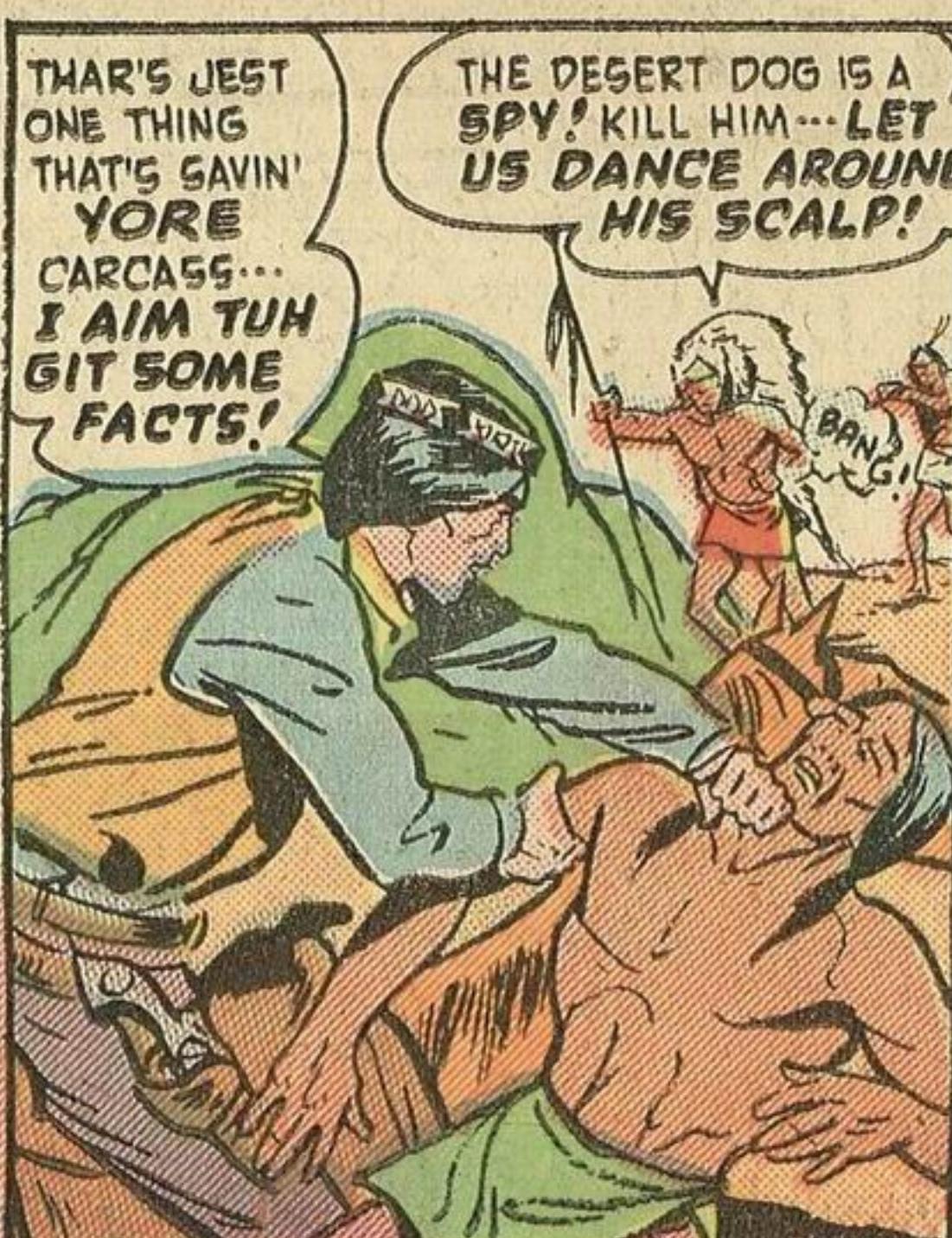
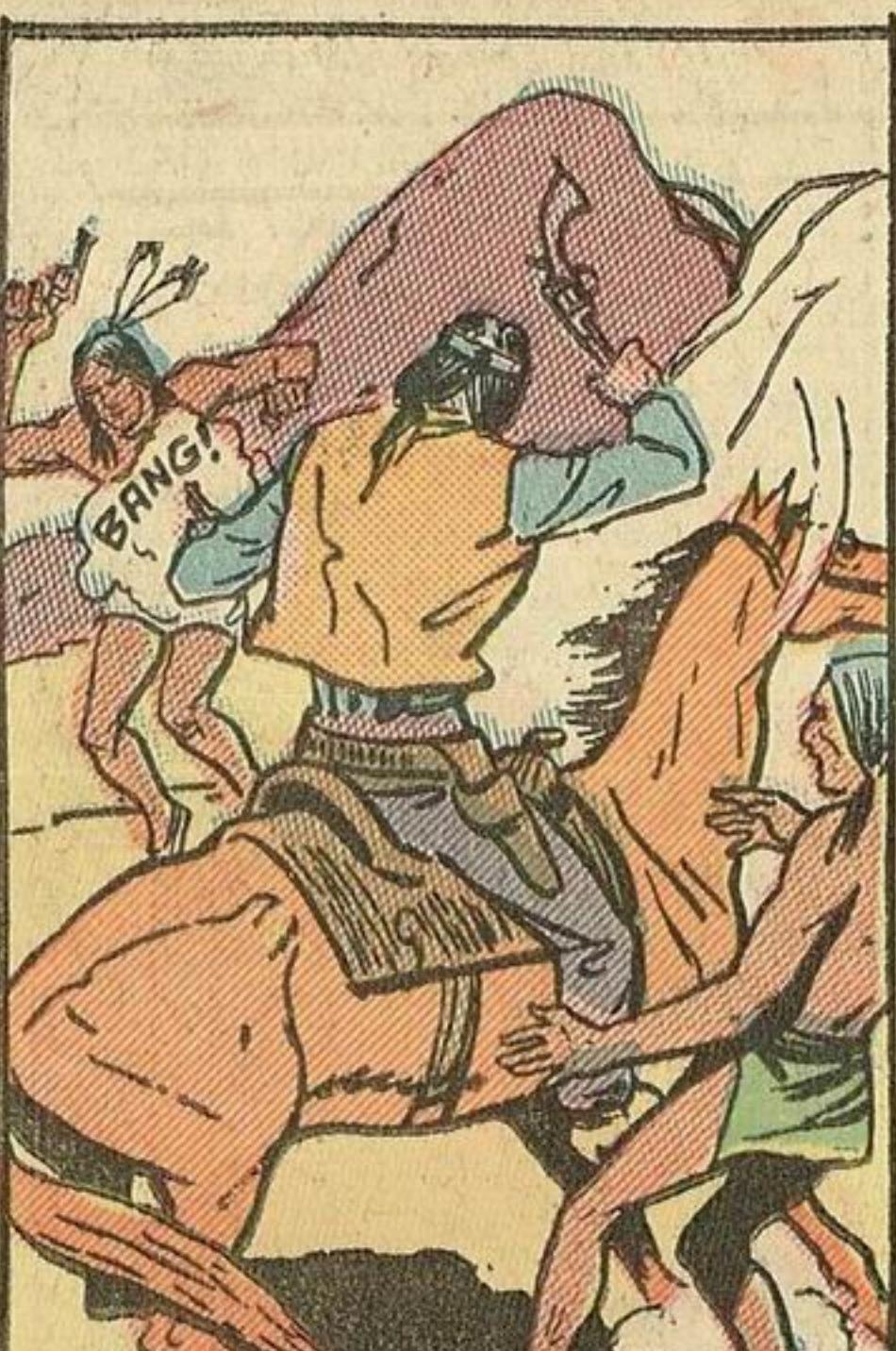
THAR'S JEST
ONE THING
THAT'S SAVIN'
YORE
CARCASS...
I AIM TUH
GIT SOME
FACTS!

THE DESERT DOG IS A
SPY! KILL HIM...LET
US DANCE AROUND
HIS SCALP!

Then...IN A VOLLEY OF ARROWS
AND WHINING BULLETS...

RIDE,
YUH
VARMINT!

BANG!
BANG!



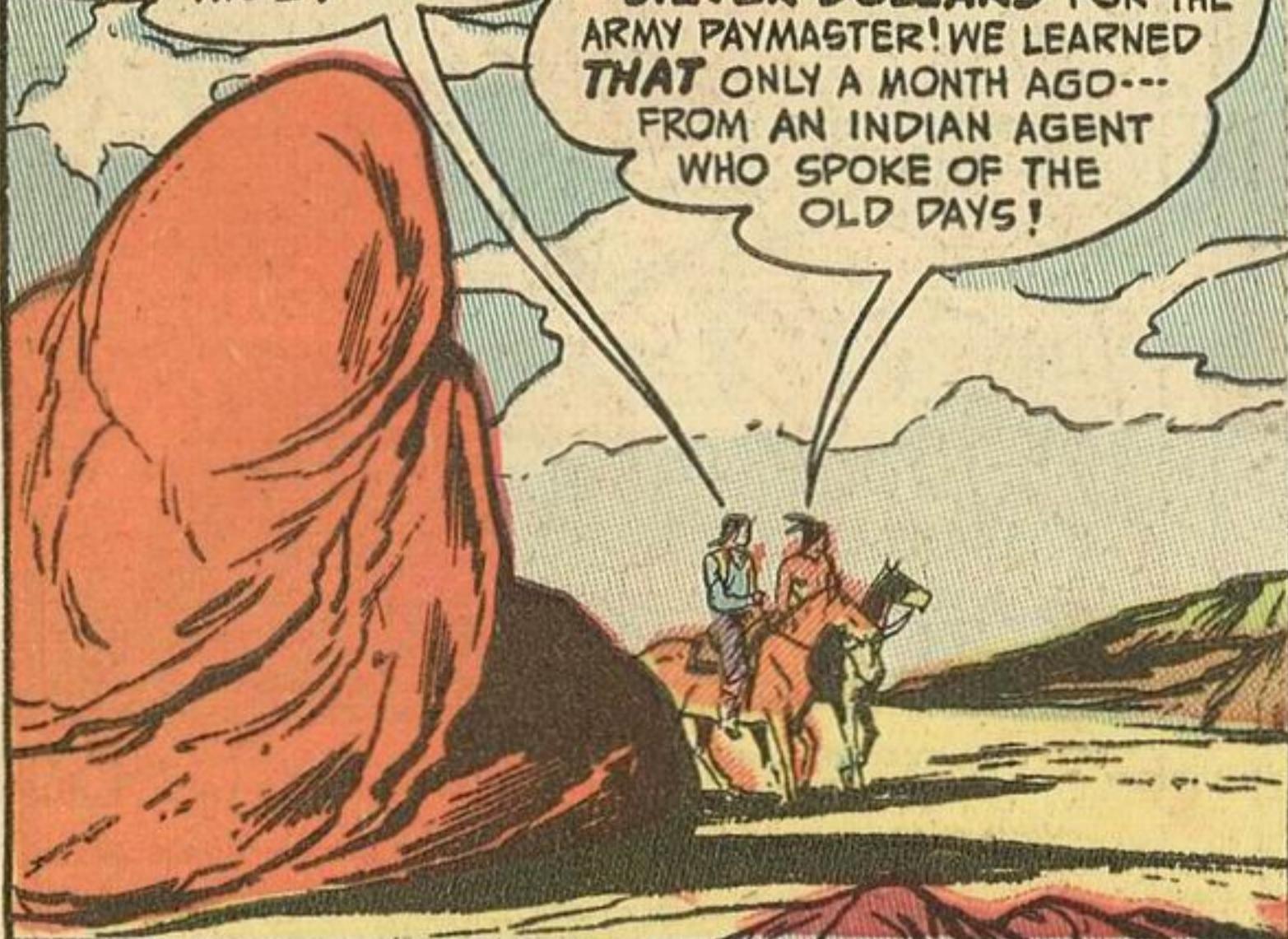
5 MILES FROM THE SIOUX WAR CAMP...

YEP...THAR'S PLENTY I
WANT TUH KNOW ABOUT!
PER EXAMPLE...HOW
COME HONDO RAFFERTY
SHOT UP FOUR APACHES
TUH GIT THAT BUFFALO
HIDE?

THE ANSWER GOES
BACK THIRTY YEARS.

IN JUN JONES! WHEN OUR
BRAVES ATTACKED THE
CAVALRY...THEY DID NOT
KNOW THAT THE WAGON
ESCORTED BY THE TROOPS
CARRIED TEN THOUSAND
SILVER DOLLARS FOR THE
ARMY PAYMASTER! WE LEARNED
THAT ONLY A MONTH AGO---
FROM AN INDIAN AGENT
WHO SPOKE OF THE
OLD DAYS!

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! BUT ONLY ONE OF
THE WARRIORS WHO FOUGHT THE CAVALRY IS STILL
ALIVE...HIS MEMORY HAS FAILED, INJUN JONES...HE
CANNOT REMEMBER WHERE THE BATTLE TOOK
PLACE! THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT
...WE HAD TO RECOVER THE BUFFALO-
HIDE BATTLE RECORD TAKEN BY
THE APACHES!



THEN HOW COME YUH DIDN'T GIT IT
LIKE MEN...INSTEAD O' TEAMIN'
UP WITH A SIDEWINDER LIKE HONDO
RAFFERTY?

WE HAVE THIRSTED
FOR REVENGE AGAINST
THE APACHES FOR THIRTY
YEARS...BUT HUNDREDS OF
CAVALRY SCOUTS RIDE THE
PLAINS...A WAR PARTY
WOULD HAVE TO FIGHT
THROUGH THEM! BUT
NOW WE ARE READY TO
FIGHT...NOW A THOUSAND
SOLDIERS CANNOT
KEEP US FROM THE



YUH SIOUX GOT
YORE BUFFALO
HIDE! IF THAT'S
ALL YUH WANTED
---HOW IS IT
YUH'RE ON THE
PROD?

YOU LIE...TO SAVE
YOUR PEOPLE!
RAFFERTY HAS
RETURNED...
RAFFERTY HAS
TOLD US HOW YOUR
CHIEF DESTROYED
THE BUFFALO HIDE
---AND SNEERED
THAT WE ARE
COWARDS!

SO THAT'S IT! HONDO RAFFERTY'S FIXIN'
TUH GIT THE DINERO HIMSELF...WHILE
THE SIOUX AN' APACHES FIGHT IT OUT! WAL,
I'VE GOT AN IDEE WHAR TUH FIND HIM...
THE VERY SPOT YUH-SIOUX HANKERED
TUH LEARN ABOUT...BADLANDS
BLUFF! MAKE TRACKS, HOMBRE...
WE'VE GOT TUH CORRAL HONDO
BEFORE THE SIOUX RIDE...FIVE
HUNDRED BRAVES AGAINST
RED CLOUD'S UNARMED
APACHES!

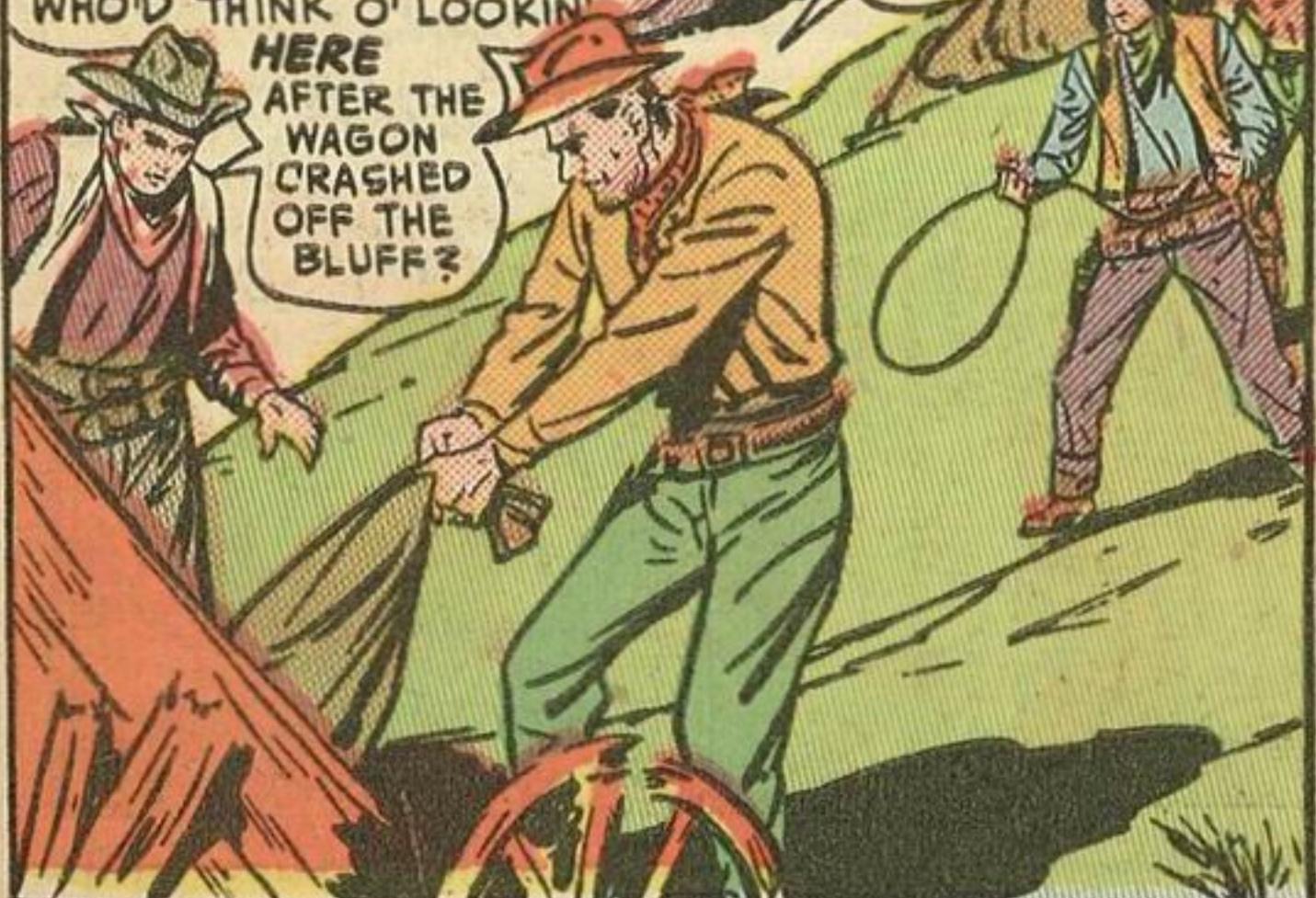


A
AN HOUR LATER...

I KIN SEE NOW WHY NO ONE'S
EVER FOUND THESE SILVER
DOLLARS, HONDO! NONE OF
THE SOLDIERS LIVED...AND
WHO'D THINK O' LOOKIN'

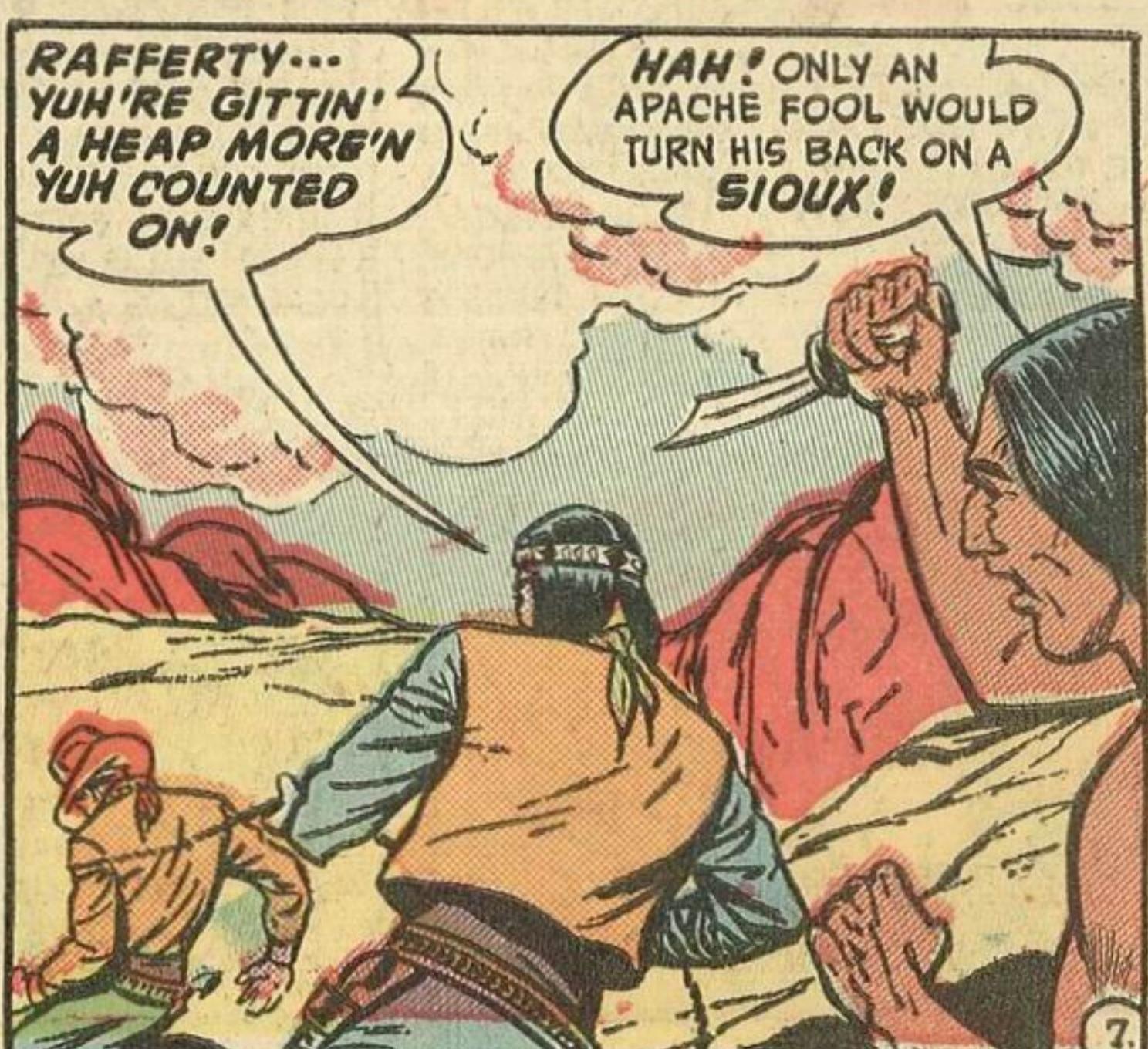
HERE
AFTER THE
WAGON
CRASHED
OFF THE
BLUFF?

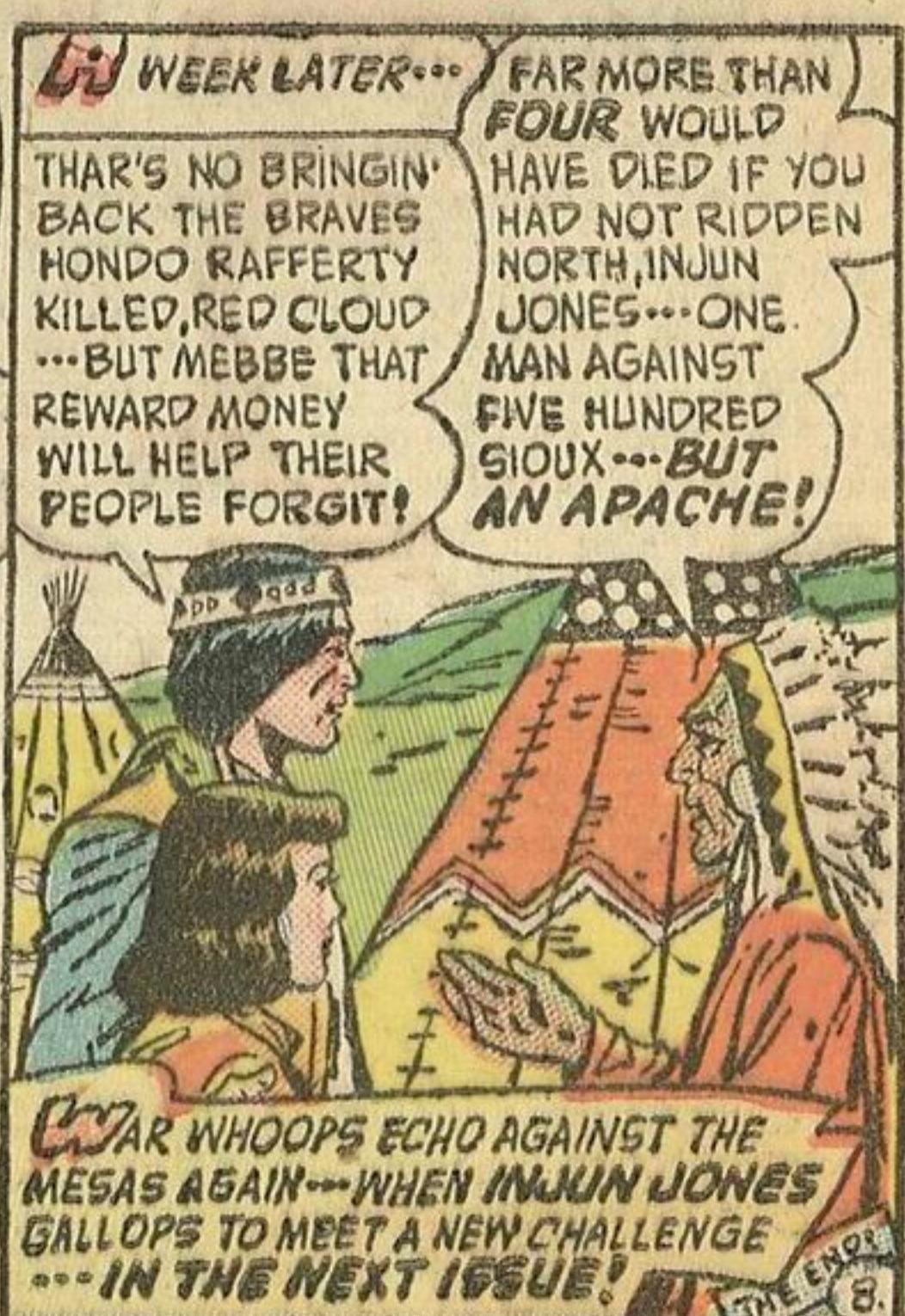
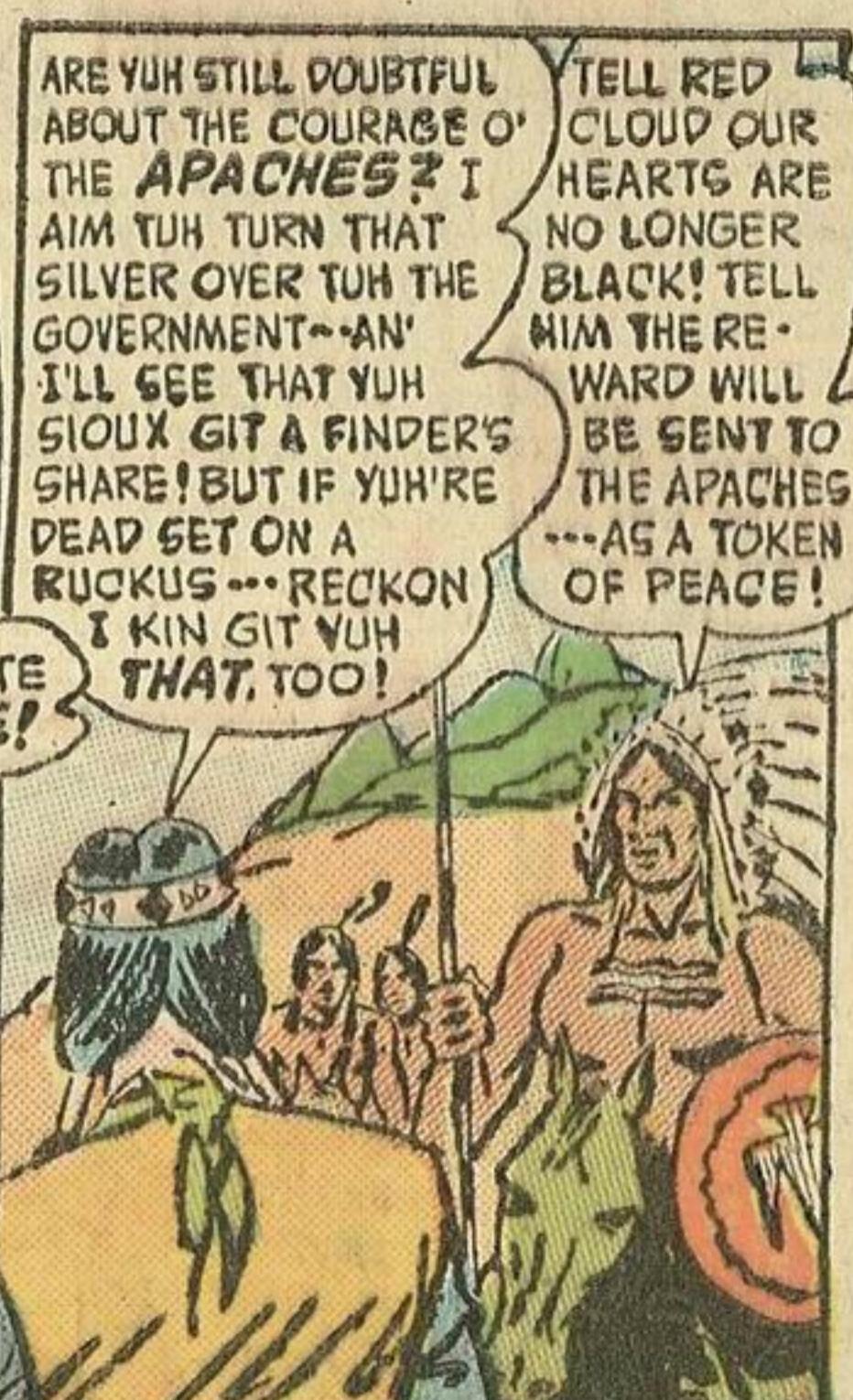
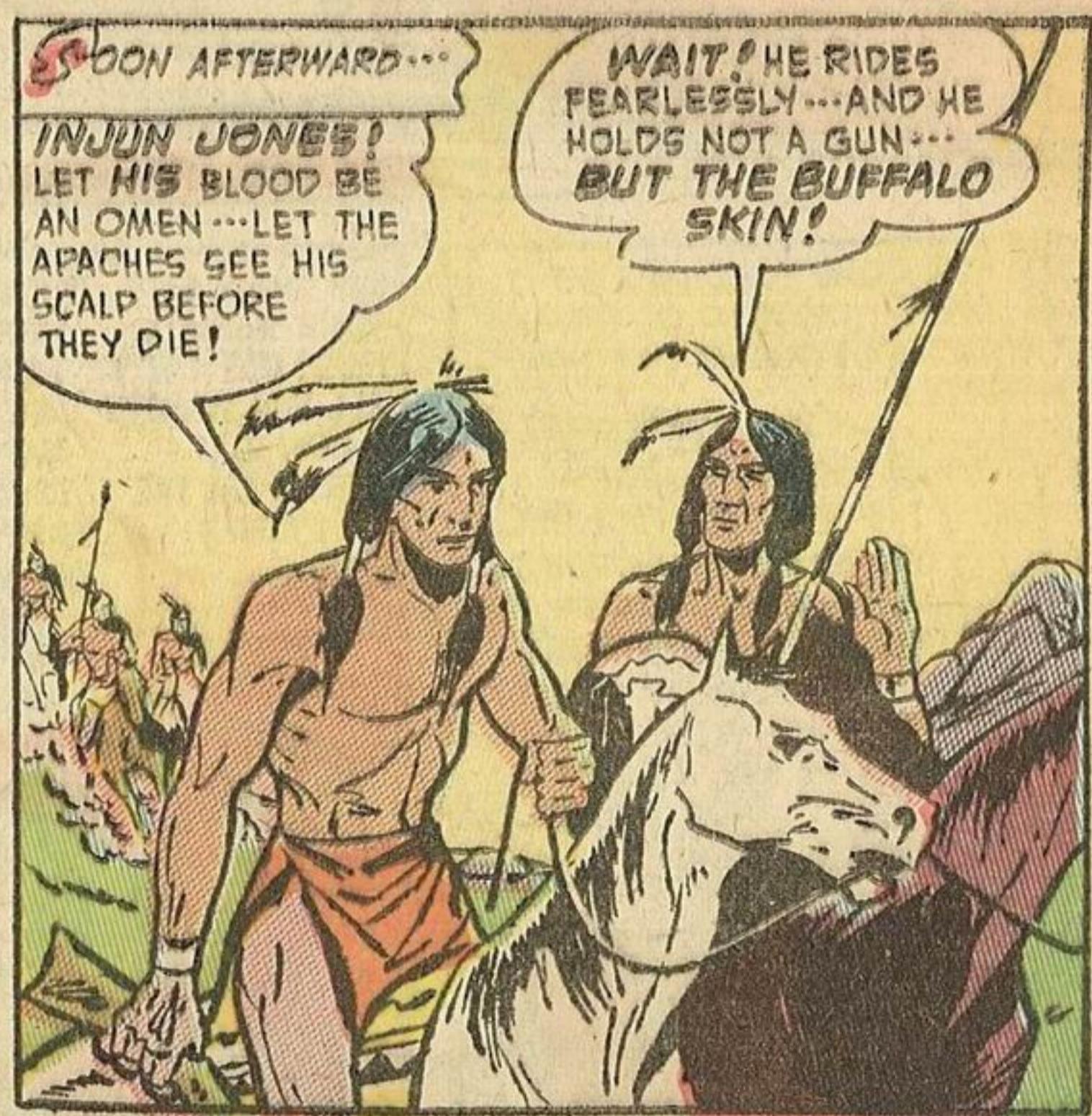
NOT A BAD HAUL...
CONSIDERIN' WE
JEST HAD TUH PLUG
A FEW REDSKINS
TUH GIT
IT!



RAFFERTY...
YUH'RE GITTIN'
A HEAP MORE'N
YUH COUNTED
ON!

HAH! ONLY AN
APACHE FOOL WOULD
TURN HIS BACK ON A
SIOUX!





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PUNCHIN' PREACHER

"ELEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!" Preacher Holcomb exclaimed. "The people of Tombstone certainly responded to my appeal for money for a new church... 'I'll go down and deposit the whole amount in the bank right now!'"

But when he had finished stuffing the bills into a suitcase, the preacher paused worriedly. "I wonder if I ought to carry all this money without a bodyguard," he mused. "Someone might...oh, nonsense... no one would try holding up a preacher!"

Outside, it had begun to rain, and the streets of Tombstone were deserted. The preacher took the short-cut through the alley to the bank...but when he had gone just a few steps into the alley shadows, a voice spoke behind him: "Don't make a move, Preacher! I got a gun trained on yore back...jest drop that suitcase an' mebbe nothin' will happen tuh yuh!"

The preacher obeyed. "There," he said, "I've dropped it. Now can I turn around?"

"No!" came back the command. "If yuh see muh face, then I will have tuh kill yuh tuh keep yore mouth shut! Jest start walkin' down that alley!"

The preacher knew that by the time he'd get to the end of the alley, both gunman and money would be gone. Thinking swiftly, the preacher said, "But how do I know you have a gun trained on my back? I...I won't start walking until I'm *certain* it's no use resisting!"

A moment later, the preacher was positively delighted when he felt the gun jammed against his back. "There!" the voice said. "Feel it? Now start walkin'!"

"Yes, I feel it," the preacher said, spinning around swiftly and jolting the gunman's arm aside.

With an oath, the gunman fired, but his arm was now parallel with the preacher's body and the shot went wild. Then the preacher said, "Feel this?"...and his fist exploded against the gunman's jaw, sending him crashing against the alley wall...out cold!

Brushing his hands off, the preacher grinned down at the gunman and said, "You should have known better than to jab a gun against a man's back! Every real Westerner knows how easy it is to swivel around and knock the gun away when it's in that position...and I'M a real Westerner!"

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233)

Of THE HOODED HORSEMAN, published Bi-monthly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1st, 1951.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Michel Publications, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; Editor, Richard E. Hughes, 120 West 183 St., New York, N. Y.; Managing editor, None; Business manager, Frederick H. Iger, 50 Beverly Road, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given. Michel Publications, Inc., 420 DeSoto Ave., St. Louis 7, Mo.; B. W. Sangor, 7 West 81 Street, New York N. Y.)

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

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(Signed) RICHARD E. HUGHES, Editor
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1951.

Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public, State of New York. (My commission expires March 30, 1953)

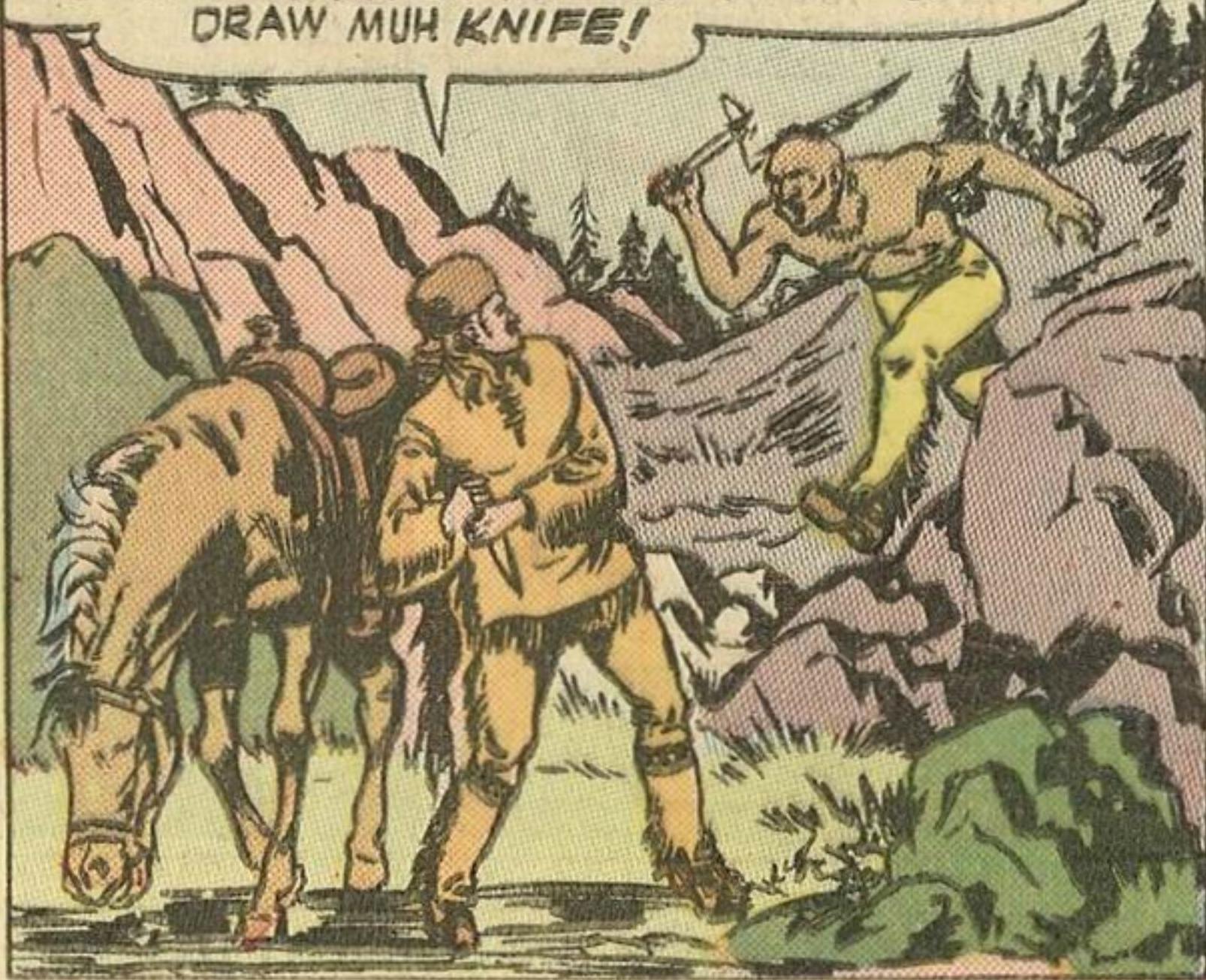
EPICS of the WEST

ONE OF THE BOLDEST OF THE HEROES WHO CONQUERED THE OLD WEST WAS THE MAN WHO GAVE HIS NAME TO THE DEADLIEST FIGHTING KNIFE EVER KNOWN-- THE BOWIE KNIFE! MEET COLONEL JAMES BOWIE-- A MAN WHO DIED AS HE LIVED-- BATTLING HEROICALLY AGAINST INSUPERABLE ODDS!



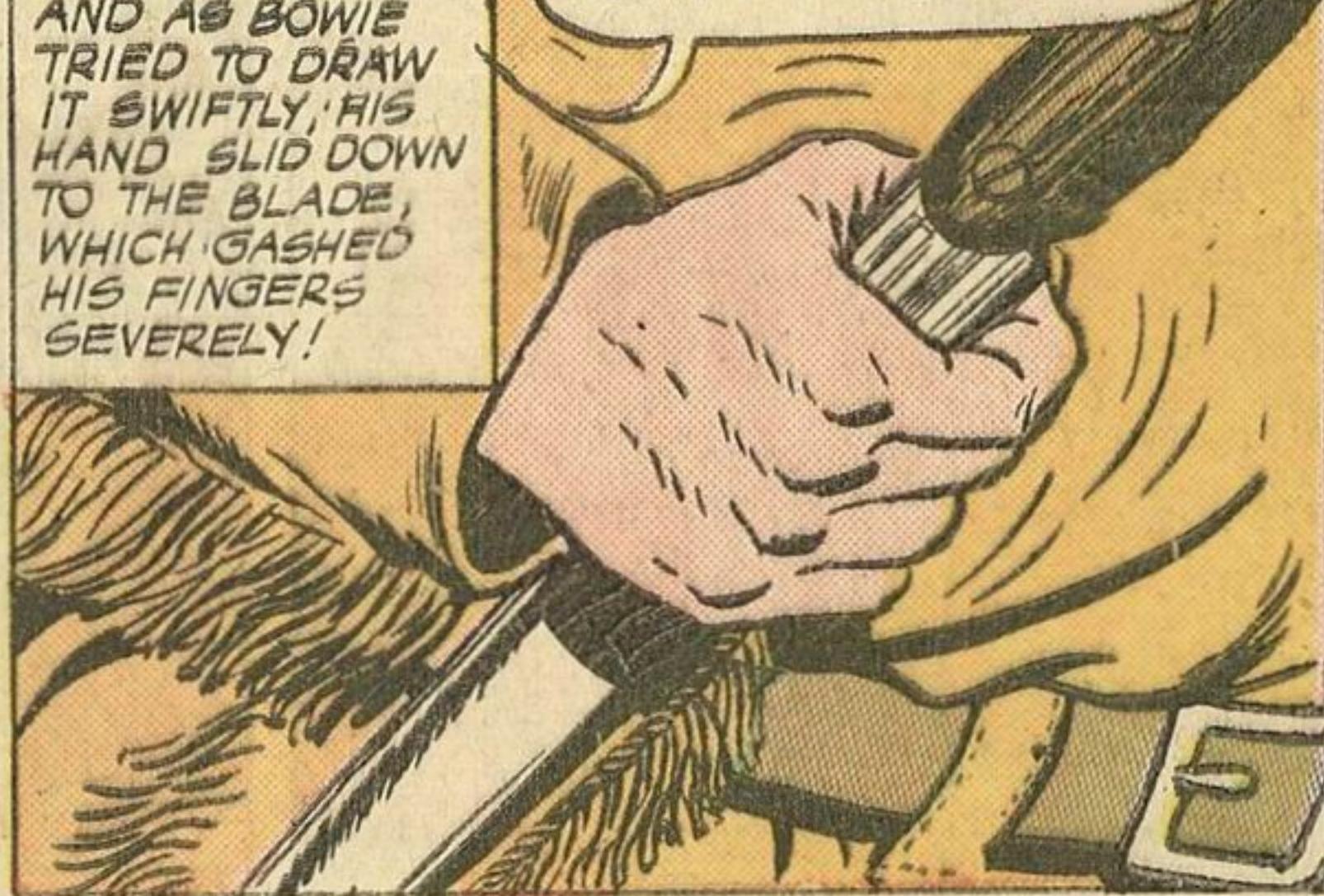
JAMES BOWIE WAS BORN IN THE 1790'S IN GEORGIA, BUT LEFT TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE IN TEXAS IN 1828-- AND IT'S THERE THAT HIS SAGA REALLY BEGINS...

OH, OH! MUH FIRST TANGLE WITH A REDSKIN! NO TIME TO REACH FER MUH RIFLE.. BETTER DRAW MUH KNIFE!



BUT THERE WAS NO GUARD ON THE HILT OF THE KNIFE -- AND AS BOWIE TRIED TO DRAW IT SWIFTLY, HIS HAND SLID DOWN TO THE BLADE, WHICH GASHED HIS FINGERS SEVERELY!

OWW! THAT LEAVES ME JEST ONE GOOD HAND AGAINST A TOMAHAWK!

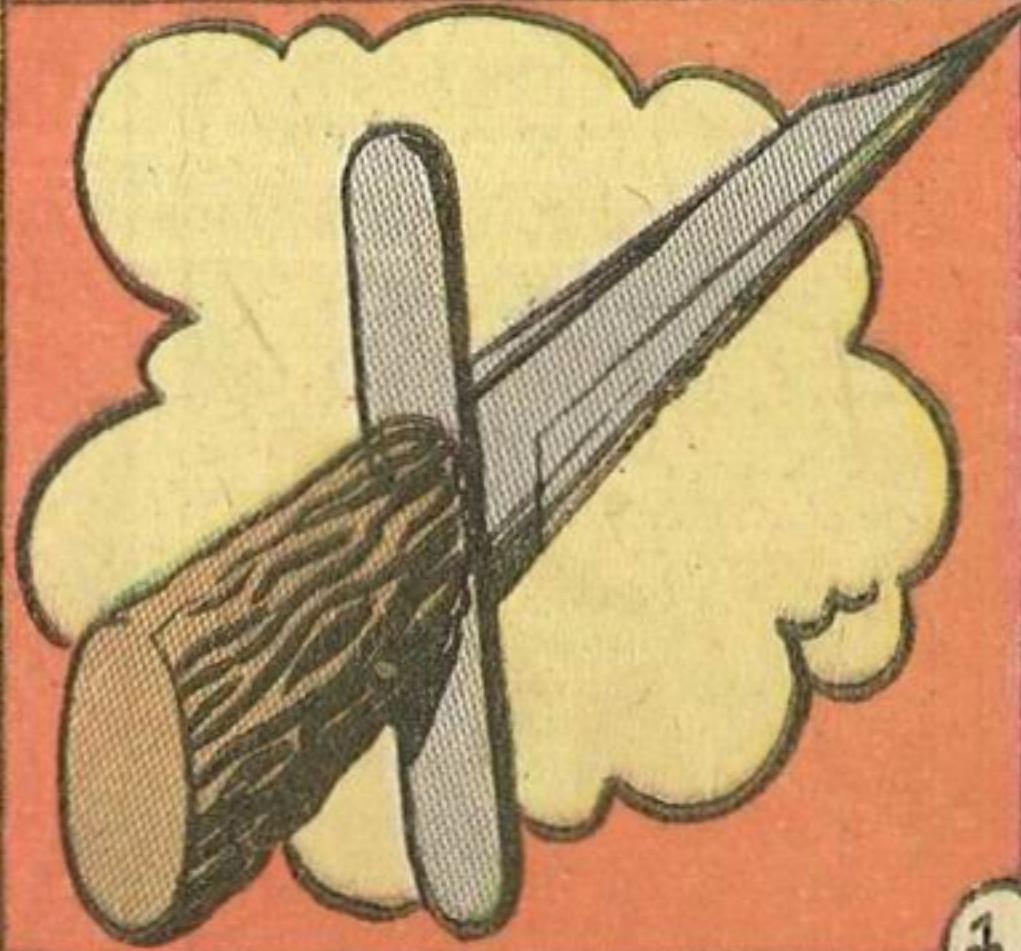


HE WON THAT FIGHT! BUT HIS GASHED HAND INSPIRED BOWIE TO CARVE A MODEL KNIFE FROM WOOD-- WHICH HE BROUGHT TO BLACKSMITH JOHN LOWELL!

KIN YUH MAKE ME A KNIFE JEST LIKE THIS ONE, JOHN? I WANT IT 9 OR 10 INCHES LONG-- WITH A SMALL GUARD BELOW THE HILT TO KEEP ME FROM CUTTIN' MUHSELF ON THE BLADE!

HAVE IT FER YUH IN THE MORNIN', JIM-- AN' IT'LL BE THE BEST KNIFE IN THE WEST!

THAT WAS HOW THE FAMOUS BOWIE KNIFE WAS BORN! THE WEAPON SOON BECAME SO POPULAR THAT AN ENGLISH CUTLERY FIRM BEGAN MANUFACTURING IT FOR THE TEXAS FRONTIERSMEN-- AND THE INDIANS EVEN ADOPTED IT FOR USE AS A SCALPING KNIFE!



BUT BY FAR THE MOST EXPERT WIELDER OF THE KNIFE WAS JAMES BOWIE HIMSELF, WHO SLUNG IT IN A SHEATH BEHIND HIS SHOULDER, ALWAYS READY FOR USE! A VICIOUS WEAPON IN FIGHTING, IT WAS EVEN DEADLIER WHEN THROWN BY BOWIE!



IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED, BOWIE BECAME KNOWN AS THE GREATEST FIGHTER IN THE WEST! WHEN THE LONE STAR STATE SECEDED FROM MEXICO IN 1836, BOWIE BECAME A COLONEL, JOINING WILLIAM TRAVIS AND DAVY CROCKETT IN COMMAND OF 150 MEN WHO WERE SUPPOSED TO OPPOSE SANTA ANNA'S ARMY OF 4,000 MEXICANS!

THAR'S NO POINT TO FIGHTIN' IN SAN ANTONIO AN' RISKIN' THE LIVES OF THE WOMEN AN' CHILDREN! LET'S MAKE OUR STAND THERE-- IN THE ALAMO MISSION!

GOOD IDEA, JIM! THOSE ADOBE WALLS ARE NEARLY 10 FEET THICK-- AN' WE'LL SHOW SANTA ANNA HOW TEXANS FIGHT!

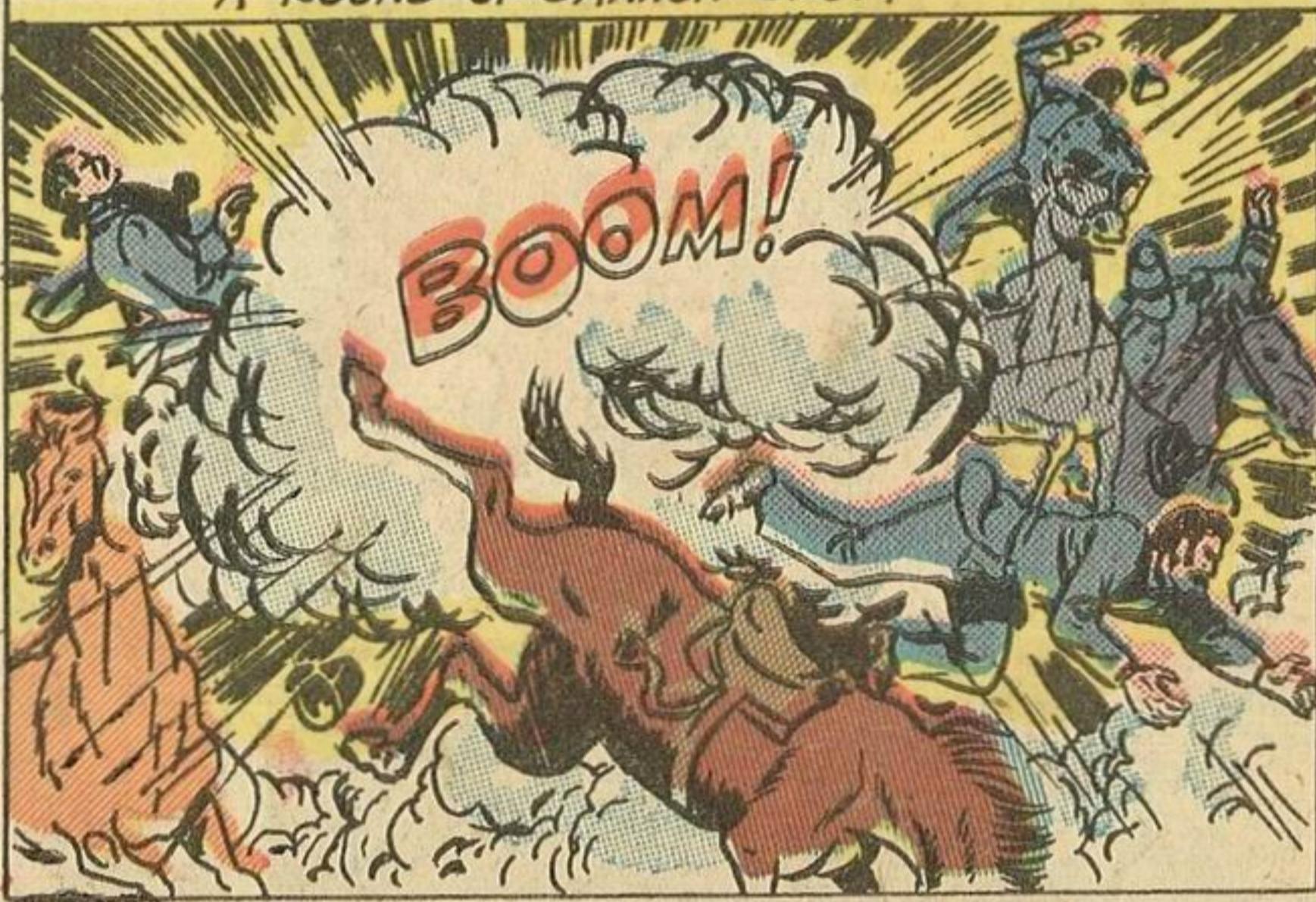


ON FEBRUARY 25, 1836, THE MEXICAN ARMY ARRIVED!

WHEW-- OVER 4,000 OF 'EM-- THAT MEANS THEY WON'T GIVE US ANY QUARTER IF WE RESIST-- BUT THAT WON'T STOP US!



WHEN SANTA ANNA SENT A MESSENGER THAT SAME AFTERNOON DEMANDING THAT THE TEXANS SURRENDER UNCONDITIONALLY, THE DEFENDERS ANSWERED WITH A ROUND OF CANNON SHOT!



THE ENRAGED MEXICANS SURROUNDED THE FORT AND OPENED FIRE, BUT EVEN THEIR CANNON HAD LITTLE EFFECT AGAINST THE THICK WALLS OF THE ALAMO! AND WHENEVER THE BESIEGERS WOULD VENTURE TOO CLOSE--

YUH GOT 'IM, COMIN' JIM! EVEN I FROM DAVY WOULD'VE MISSED 'IM THAT'S SHORE AT THAT HIGH DISTANCE! PRAISE!



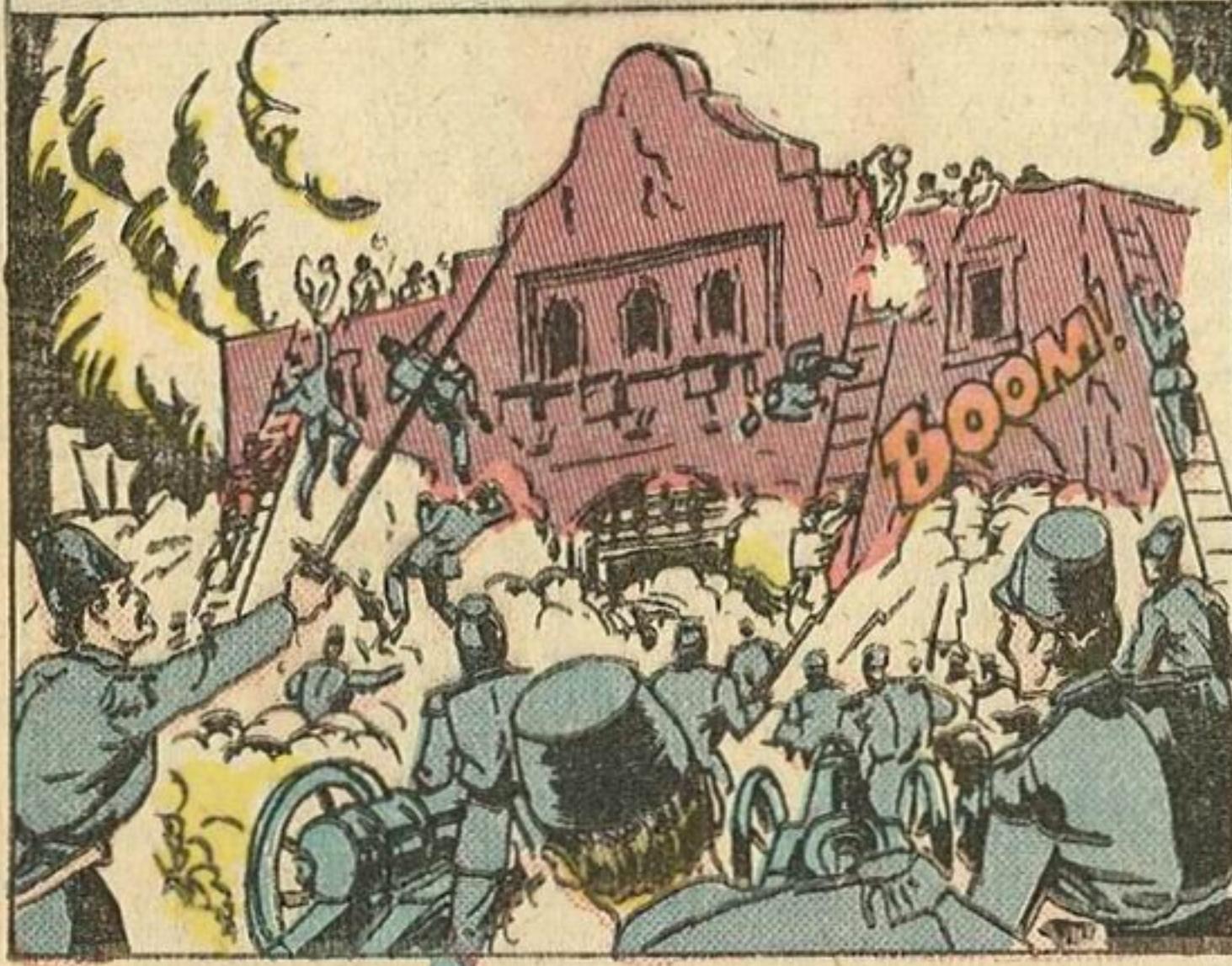
AT NIGHT, CROCKETT AND BOWIE WOULD STEAL OUT OF THE FORT TO RAID THE MEXICAN CAMP! IN ONE OF THESE ENCOUNTERS, BESET BY A DOZEN MEN, BOWIE RECEIVED A SERIOUS SABRE-WOUND!



BARELY ABLE TO WALK, HALF-CARRIED BY CROCKETT, BOWIE KEPT ON DOWNG MEXICANS! TOGETHER, THE TWO ADVENTURERS FOUGHT THEIR WAY BACK TO THE ALAMO!



WITH BOWIE CONFINED TO HIS BED, GRAVELY WOUNDED, SANTA ANNA ORDERED A MASS ATTACK! ON SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 6TH, THE ENTIRE MEXICAN ARMY BEGAN SWARMING UP LADDERS PLACED AGAINST THE FORT, DISREGARDING THEIR HUGE LOSSES!



THE TEXANS COULDN'T LOAD THEIR GUNS FAST ENOUGH TO DOWN SO MANY MEXICANS! AS THE ENEMY GAINED THE TOP OF THE WALLS, THE GALLANT DEFENDERS HAD TO USE THEIR RIFLES AS CLUBS! BUT FOR EACH MEXICAN DOWNS, A DOZEN MORE TOOK HIS PLACE!



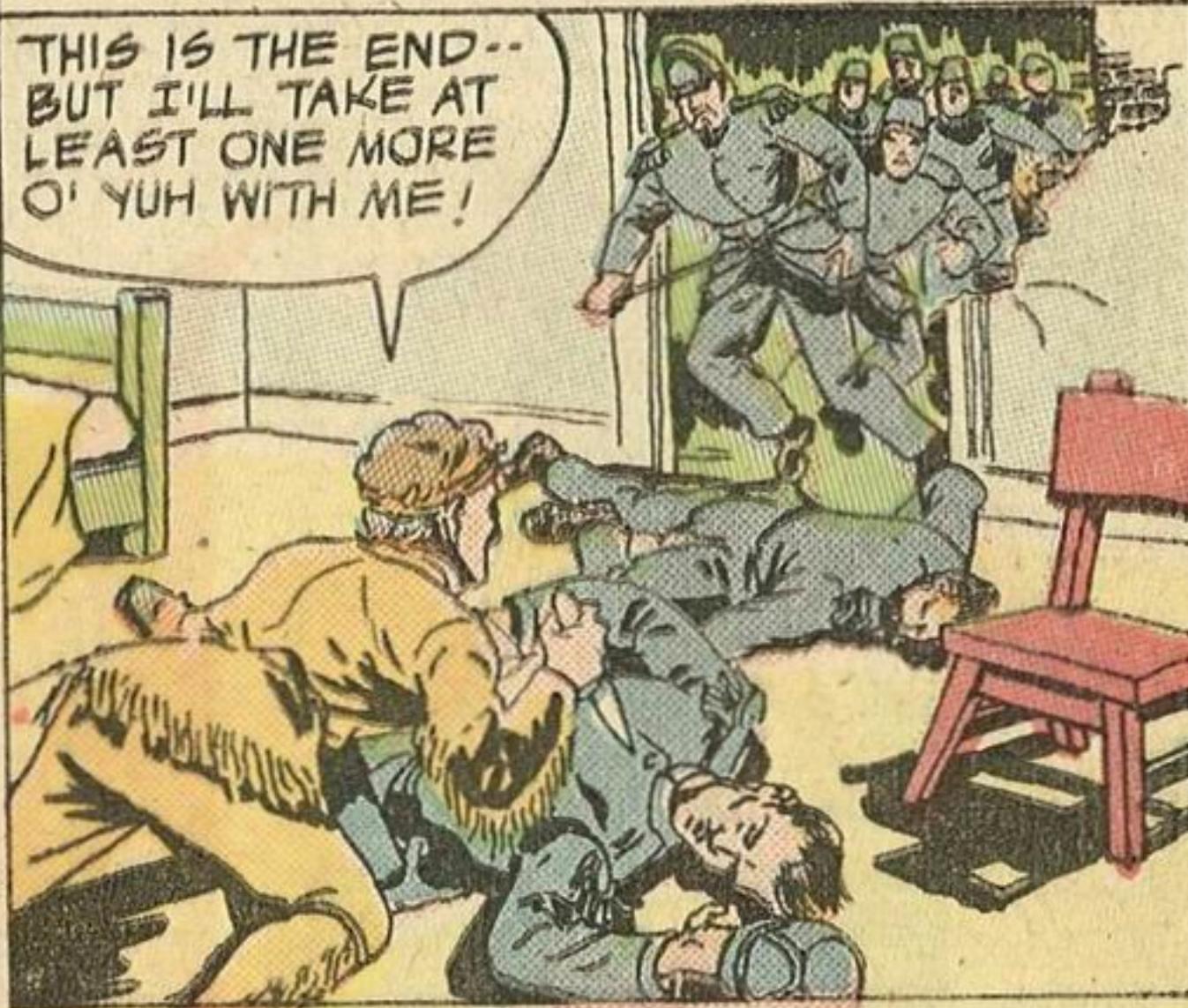
THE MEXICANS GAINED A POOTHOLD INSIDE THE FORT AND BEGAN SWARMING INTO THE BARRACKS-- ONLY TO COME UPON THE BED-RIDDEN BOWIE!

AS EACH MEXICAN ENTERED THE ROOM, BOWIE SHOT HIM DEAD! AND WHEN HIS GUN WAS FINALLY EMPTY--

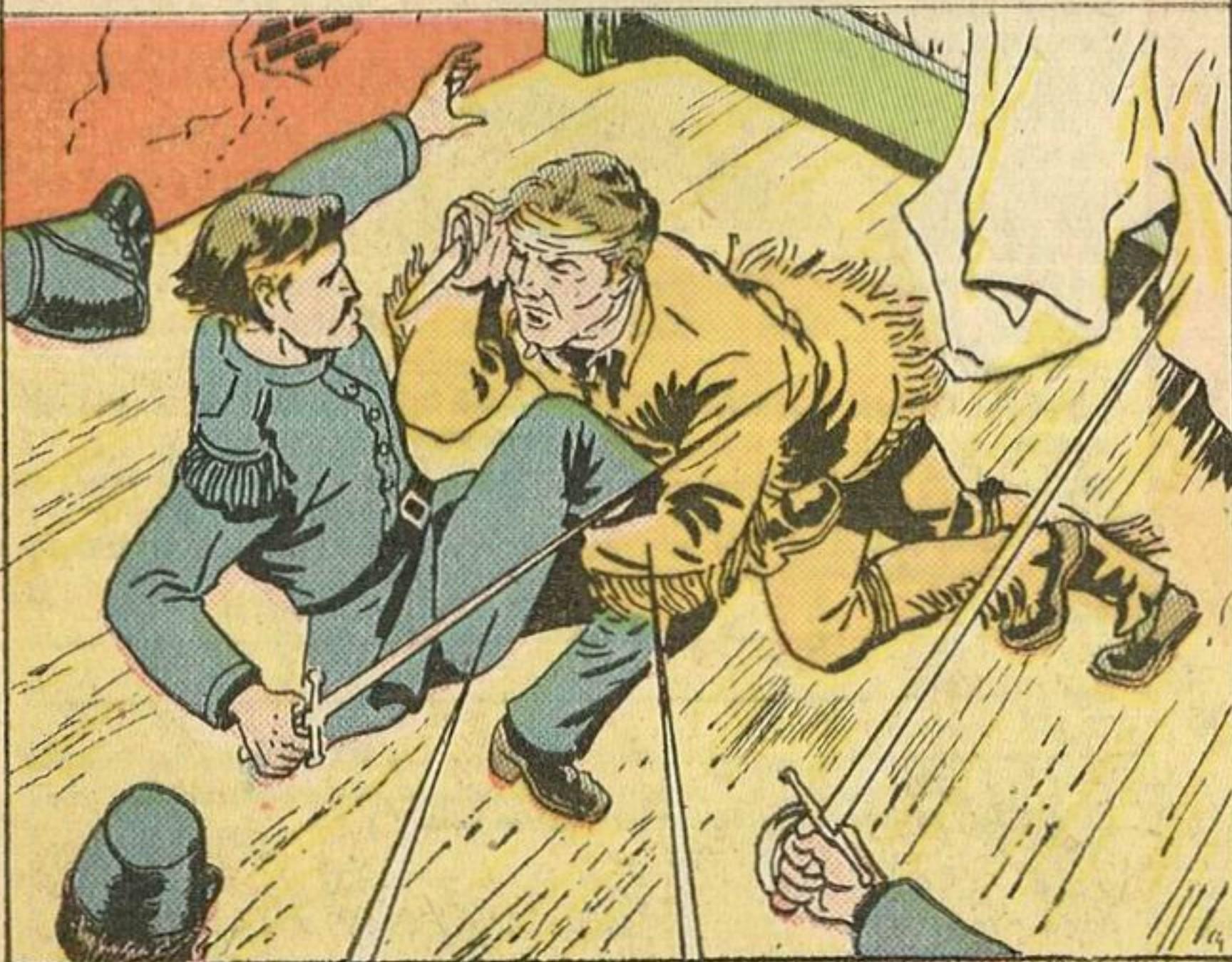


FRIGHTENED MOMENTARILY, THE MEXICANS HALTED LONG ENOUGH FOR BOWIE TO CRAWL TO THE MAN HE'D JUST KILLED AND RETRIEVE HIS BOWIE KNIFE! THEN THE MEXICANS RE-COVERED THEIR COURAGE AND CHARGED!

THIS IS THE END-- BUT I'LL TAKE AT LEAST ONE MORE O' YUH WITH ME!



REACHING OUT, BOWIE TRIPPED THE NEAREST MAN-- AND STABBED HIS ENEMY TO THE HEART!

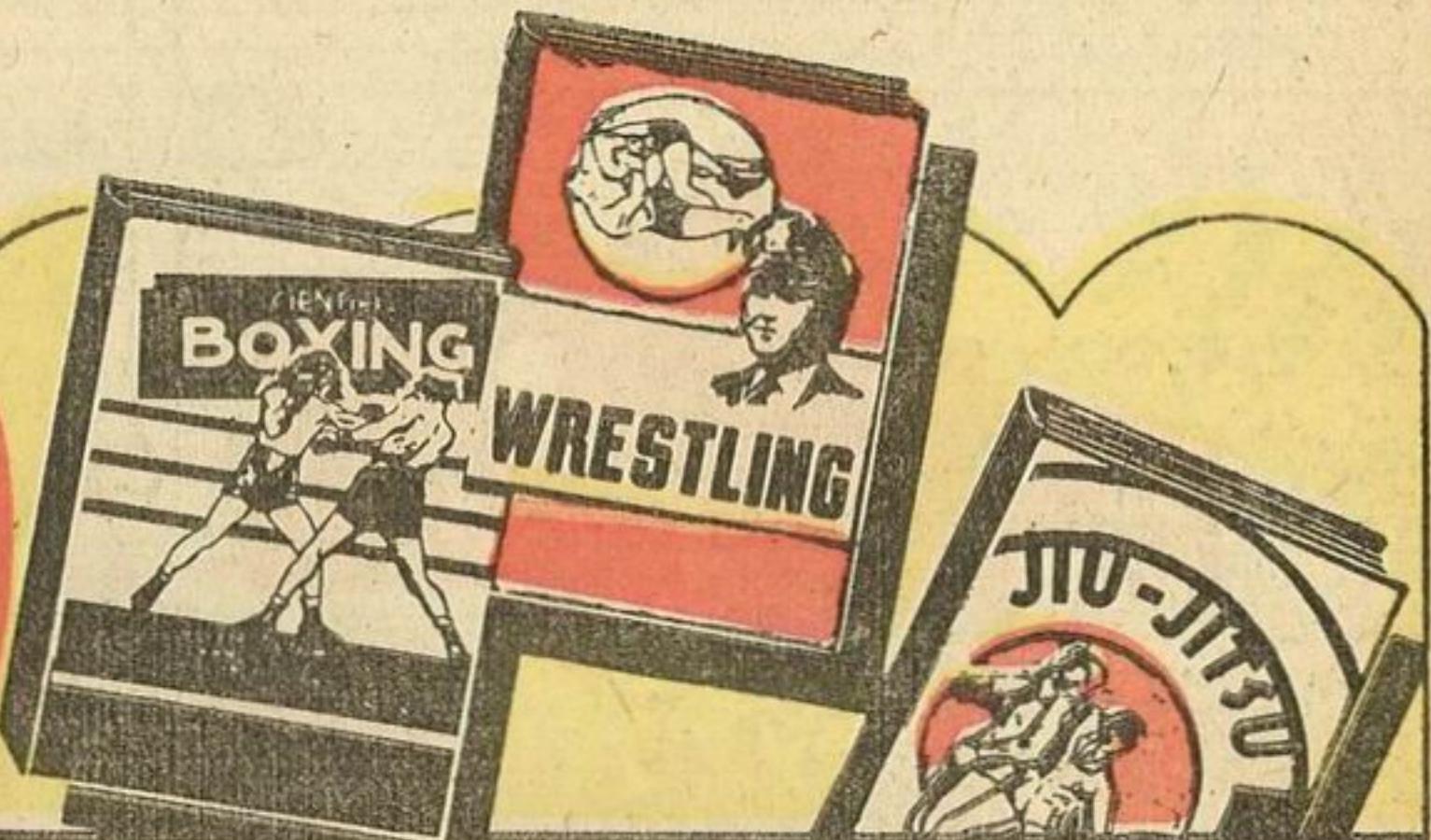


A MOMENT LATER, ONE OF THE GREATEST HEROES OF THE WEST DIED WITH A SABRE POINT IN HIS CHEST... AND A CHALLENGE ON HIS LIPS!

I DIE-- BUT TEXAS... WILL BE FREE!



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MASTER,
not the slave!**
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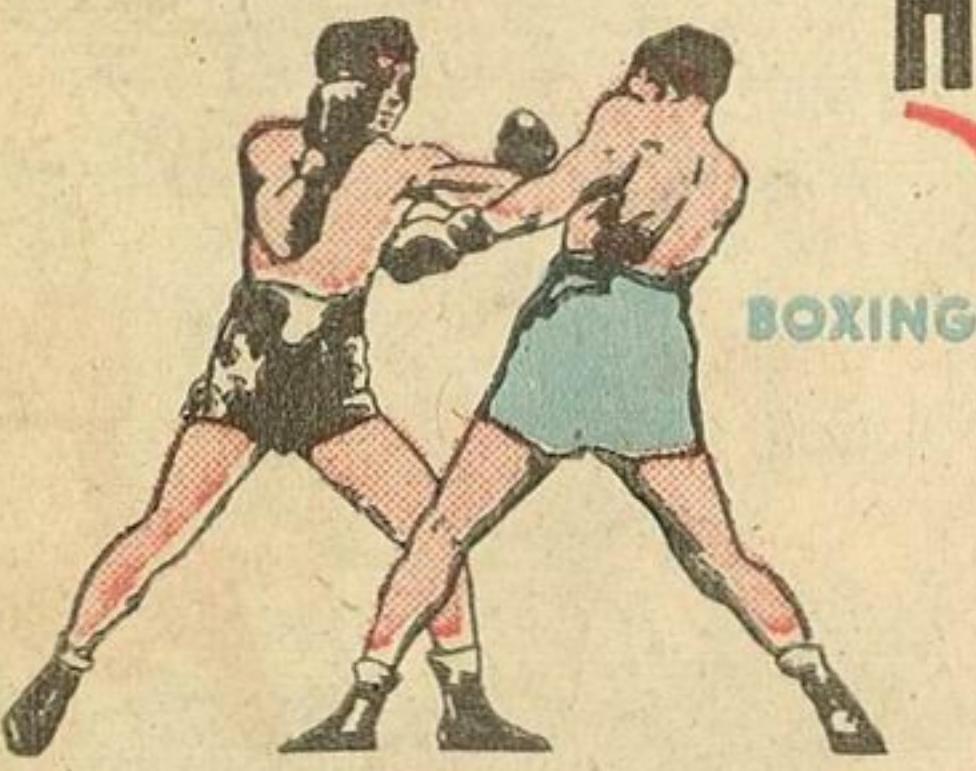
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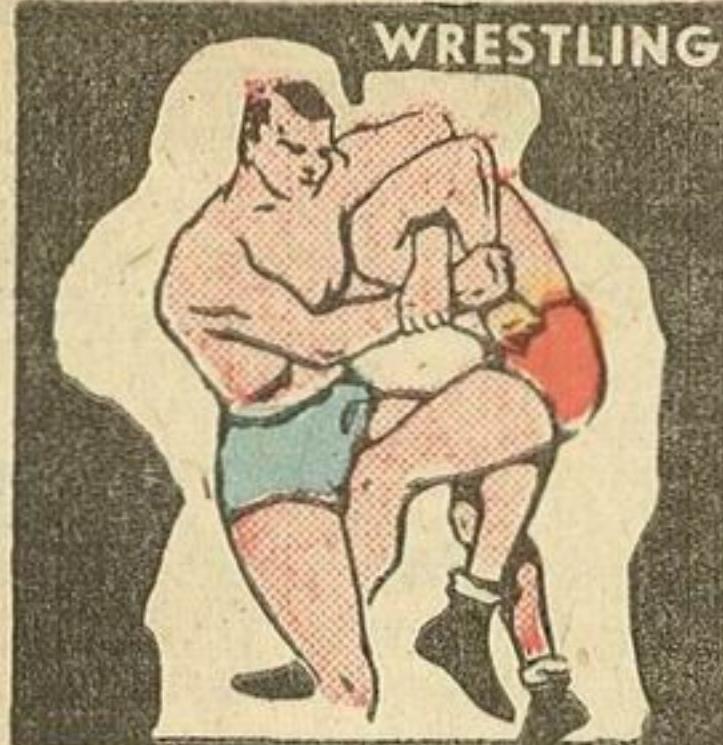
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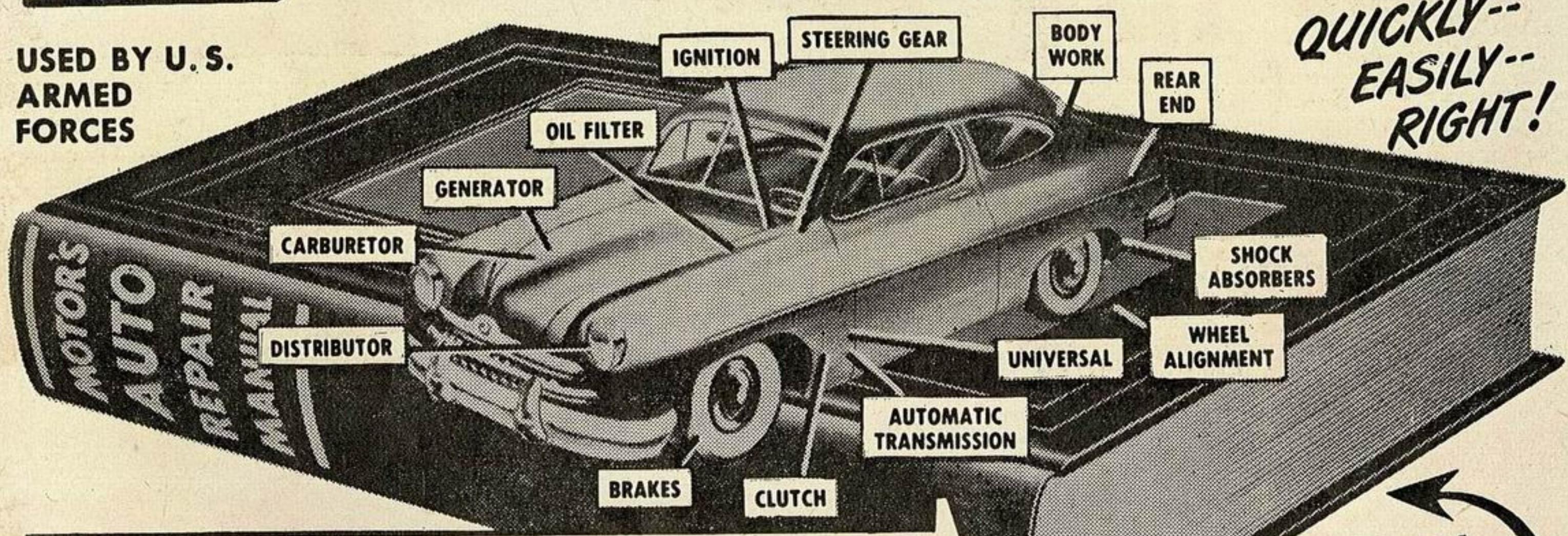
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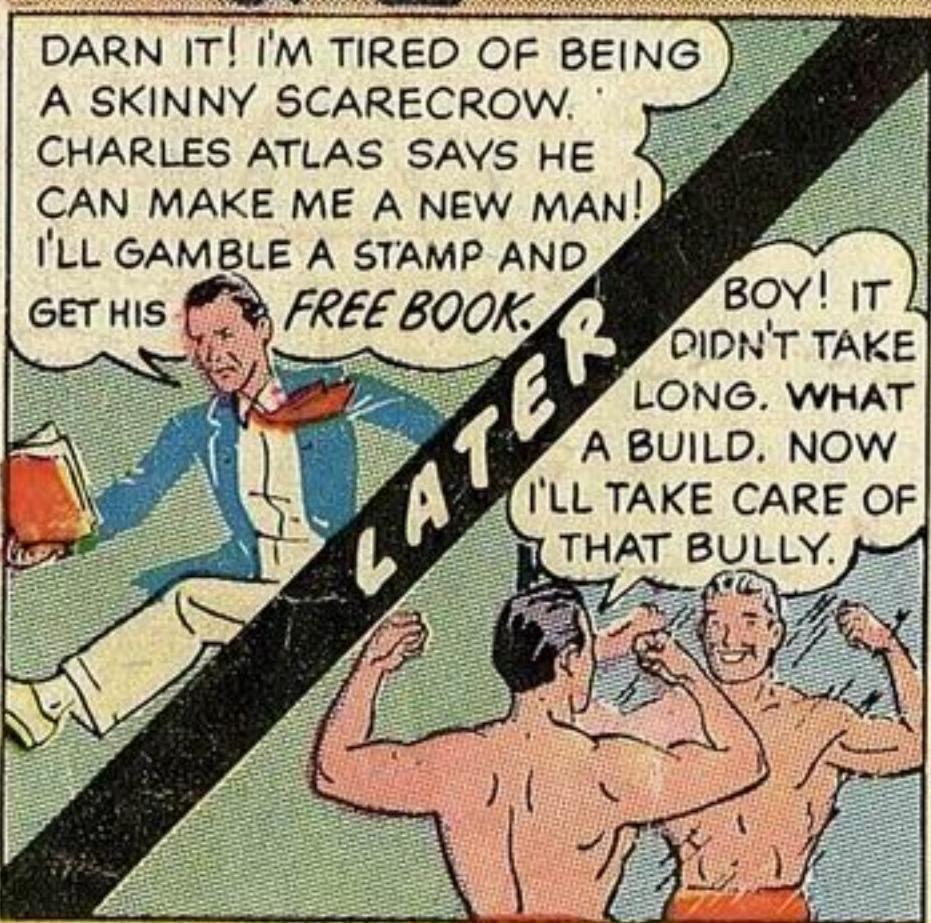
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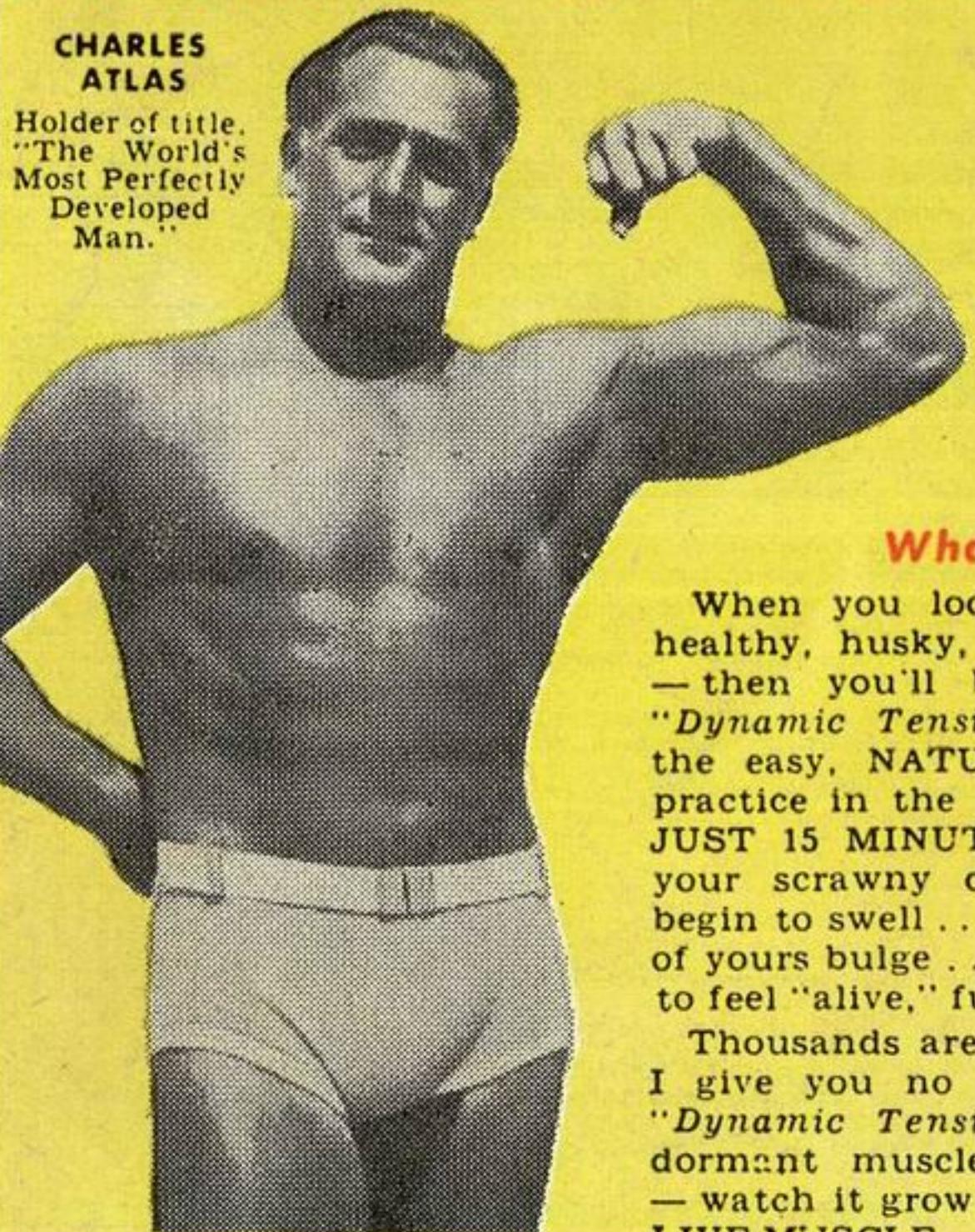
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